The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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APPLYING CATHOLIC ACTION

MOST Catholics would probably agree that the main principles of economic and political science, as embodied in the doctrine of the Church, have been fully and lucidly stated by the teaching authority, and that they need only to be adequately applied to end the economic and political confusion and distress of human society, and thus produce a tolerable degree of sane order and security and peace. Few Catholics dream of Utopia. The conviction that at best earthly life for humanity is an affair of being tested for an immortal life prevents the wasting of energy in the pursuit of an earthly paradise. Yet that this conviction is no deterrent to any reasonable efforts for the reform of social conditions is proven by the whole past history of Christianity, no less than by the striving of the Church, and of Catholic groups and individuals, today, to better the economic and political anarchy, or tyranny, of this age.

Nevertheless, it is obvious that Catholic principles are far indeed from being adequately applied, anywhere in the world. Certainly, they are not conspicuously active in the United States. Here, as elsewhere, there is not merely a wide gap between the statement and the application of those principles drawn from Catholic doctrine which relate to the economic and social problems now bearing so heavily upon us all, but there also is a fundamental difference dividing Catholics in their opinions, and their efforts, concerning such problems. This difference is caused by the way in which Catholics answer such a question as this: "In our present state of spiritual (and, of course, social) emergency, must some form of economic reconstruction precede spiritual revival?" We agree with Father Ferdinand Valentine, O.P., who states in a recent number of *Blackfriars* that this issue is dividing Catholic opinion. He quotes Father F. H. Drinkwater as saying: "The eco-

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nomic problem fills the whole sky; nothing, nothing, nothing can be done until that problem has been dealt with." And from a layman, Mr. Eric Gill, he quotes as follows: "The clergy are barking up the wrong tree when from the altar steps they talk about sin to people who have been deprived of the possibility of living according to common natural morals."

On the other hand, Father Valentine brings forward the powerful testimony of M. Maritain as representing the contrary view that moral reformation must precede economic and political reform. According to Maritain: "One is condemned to a work primarily destructive, if one wished to change the face of the earth without first changing one's own heart, and this no man can do by himself." And Father Valentine strongly supports the latter opinion. He considers that it is "just as bad an error to overemphasize the importance of economics as to underrate it." He maintains that while it is certainly true that readjustment of the world's economic structure is necessary, social reconstruction should begin in the realm of the spirit and not primarily of economics or politics. The stress should be laid upon spiritual self-improvement, spiritual corporate progress; if these efforts are successful, economic and political benefits must inevitably result.

Another writer in *Blackfriars,* however, Father Zacharias, points out that individual faithfulness to spiritual principles, as taught by the Church, unless supplemented and extended by social Christianity, may lead to such a disaster as that witnessed in Russia. "The only Christianity known in Russia," he writes, "was either that of the official State Church, or else of sects of fantastic other-worldliness: neither professed to have anything whatever to say regarding economic or political problems. Why should a Catholic pretend that this sort of Christianity did not fail socially?"

In our country, the principles applicable to economic and political problems have certainly been laid down and stressed by the teaching authorities. The Joint Pastoral Letter of the American Hierarchy after the World War, and the Reconstruction Program of a special committee of the bishops, were only a part of the steady and continuous efforts made by our leaders through the National Catholic Welfare Conference to make known and to explain the social teachings of the Popes. Despite all these efforts, however, it is quite obvious not only that American lay Catholics, as a body, have been only very slightly reached even with the knowledge of the social teachings of the Church, but also that there is great confusion among the small minority who have been partially instructed in the principles as to the best ways in which to apply them in practise.

May it not be well for Catholics to consider the calling together, after due preliminary discussions in various dioceses which have already held diocesan or regional conferences on industrial problems, of a national Congress of Catholic Social Studies, in the hope that out of such a general discussion, a minimum program of Catholic Social Action might be agreed upon? The nation obviously is entering a phase of fundamental social controversies. The Catholic contribution to such controversies is supremely important, potentially. Surely, practicable steps should be considered, and then adopted, to give American Catholics a coherent and consistent education in the principles, and the practise, of their faith as that faith applies to the solution of the burning issues of our times.

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

DURING the week opinion was generally affected by developments abroad, and the important changes in Washington were perhaps given less than their due meed of attention. But it is no ordinary seven-day period which brings a severe political crisis in France as a result of fiscal and monetary uncertainty, a change of Premiers in Great Britain, and a first-rate war mood in Italy. What to do with the mangled corpse of NRA remained the chief domestic problem; though such important matters as the Wagner Labor Act and the regulation of utilities were up for consideration. For corporate industry the Supreme Court decision appeared to have offered a kind of frying-pan alternative to code control. Would the voluntary agreements which steel, oil, motor and other enterprises were anxious to conserve run foul of the anti-trust laws, which Mr. Roosevelt had suspended? In Congress there was considerable tendency to reply affirmatively, and the President appeared to share this view. A group of Senators deferred the vote on the House bill extending NRA for one year in order to study the question of anti-trust law exemption; and it was generally believed that there would not be a speedy disposition of the matter. In labor circles, on the other hand, the project of a constitutional amendment to curb the power of the Supreme Court was being advocated. Mr. William Green in particular contended that the outlook for effective state supervision was hopeless, and that only the federal government could guarantee the elimination of even the worst industrial abuses. Business men, for their part, generally took the view that a six months' period of abstinence from reform legislation would greatly help to stabilize economic conditions and would show definitely if the natural recovery forces are as strong as is assumed.

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Society and Science

REFLECTING on the solid educational achievement of various groups which have promoted the study and discussion of social problems—and among them there is none better than our own Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems—an elderly gentleman of our acquaintance said that he was struck by the comparatively dispassionate and scientific quality of the work done. He remarked that in days gone by a similar moderateness had characterized the approach of thoughtful groups to such questions as slavery and drink; and he expressed the fear that contemporary extremists might steal the social problem show just as the abolitionists and the prohibitionists had run away with theirs. At all events, there is a marked kinship between the contemptuous attitude being shown in many quarters to careful economic study and the impatience of New England slavery reformers with a situation grave and complex enough to produce Civil War. We wonder if the intelligent, democratic method employed during all these past years by Monsignor Ryan, Father McGowan and their associates has, for example, been brought to the attention of the people with any educational enthusiasm. Our schools and seminaries certainly might find in the record of the Catholic Conference almost inexhaustible information concerning a sound diagonsis of economic and social reality. But is this discovery being made? The same query might be put more generally. Why is so much sane and sober inquiry neglected, when the opportunities open to a long array of riotous minds are apparently unlimited?

Religious under Fire

GERMAN courts are trying a number of religious superiors who are charged with having violated the laws restricting the use of foreign currency. The case of Sister Wernera in particular has attracted much attention, arousing as it did a great deal of mass emotion, and drawing from the aged Cardinal of Breslau a public statement which by implication questioned the value of current German justice. A very heavy sentence was imposed on this nun—a long prison term, loss of civic rights, and a fine equivalent to the sums involved. That German religious have sometimes been guilty of offenses against the exchange laws is generally admitted; and in cases where the guilt can be proved the government is clearly entitled to redress. The real point at issue is, however, a somewhat different one. Many German communities have relatively large sources of income outside the Fatherland. Either they receive help from other branches of a given order, or they benefit by private and corporate contributions. If these monies are received inside Germany and converted into Reichmarks there, only about half as much can be realized as if the exchange is made elsewhere, in Switzerland or Holland, for example. Suppose now that the communities had adopted the "patriotic" course. They would then have impaired the value and intent of their benefactions, since the profit would have gone to the Hitler régime and helped pay the bills for rearmament. It is, as a matter of fact, a very strange dilemma which the foreign donor as well as the German recipient must face—the dilemma of helping to rebuild militarism while presumably aiding the work of the Church. A way out of the impasse was sought through loopholes in the management of foreign exchange. This action the Nazi government now interprets as a war on itself, and is no doubt largely justified in so thinking. But of course a Germany purged of militarism might look upon the religious as men and women of heroic mold. At all events, there are no illusions concerning the matter inside the Fatherland. The Hitlerites consider this action against the religious as the first important step in the war against Catholicism. For their part, Catholics—while often wishing that the superiors in question had been more prudent—are not fooled.

From the Horse's Mouth

WE HAVE already noted in these columns some of those movements toward the Right which the Soviets seem constrained, from time to time, to make against their will in matters social, educational and even economic. These adjustments are in the nature of a recognition of what bourgeois society calls "individualism," the differences between person and person which enter into any real doctrine of liberty, and we find them instructive because they come from a collectivist society whose doctrine and technique are perhaps the world's first deliberate experiment in establishing a propertyless security as Mr. Belloc long ago told us it must be established—without liberty. Now, a more significant kind of imitation is seen. When the dictator Stalin deplores, as recently, the lack of "humanity" in the attitude of some collectivists; when there is a government-inspired attack upon the high divorce rate and the irresponsibility of parents toward children; most of all, when Russian men are instructed that they must show chivalry toward women and reverence for motherhood—then it becomes clear that authority is talking the language of morality, and a morality that has little to do with Marx. We do not augur from this that the Soviets will at once return to the Christian fold. It is indeed evident that the mind or minds behind these utterances would like to secure some of the advantages of Christian civilization without bothering to pay for them; and it suffices to remark that

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there is more to morality than praising it when you are a little scared at having gone too far in the opposite direction—a fact we imagine Mr. Stalin will soon find out for himself. But, aside from the childish and opportunist trickery whereby official Sovietdom virtuously "gets out from under" the moral avalanche which it itself deliberately precipitated, it seems to us that this constitutes expert testimony to the vitality of the moral law. A society so desperately menaced as Russia must develop some sense of what it needs to survive: that Christian morality is admitted by it to have at least this pragmatic virtue is something which our abstract Communists might ponder in their quieter moments.

Prosperous America

A LUSH vision of American standards of living raised "to new high levels scarcely contemplated before," was evoked before the 2,000 working members of the advertising profession gathered in Chicago for the convention of the Advertising Federation of America. Mr. Chester H. Lang, president of the federation and publicity manager for the General Electric Company, was the opening evoker and he added, "Advertising people must be exponents of plenty. They may never accept the defeatist attitude. Our efforts, if they are to be worthy of our trade, must be directed wholly toward hastening distribution—under no circumstances toward retarding production. This is the only road to economic happiness." In this declaration by Mr. Lang there is unquestionably much sense, and in view of the influence of the profession for which he spoke, a great deal of bread and butter importance, bread and butter, chintzes and automobiles importance. Among certain serious young thinkers of the type who used to wear sandals and hand-blocked batiks, it has been terribly important to lambaste the advertising profession and to ascribe to false advertisers all the ills that could not be heaped upon the black-hearted banking profession. No doubt there has been a sort of corrosive antisepticizing resulting from this critique; these nays have been a valuable opposition to the yea-men. The business of distribution in the complicated political and economic democracy, such as it is, birth marks and all, in this country, has however, with equal certainty in fact been served by the yea-men. Some of the infantilisms which they have indulged, they could do well to correct themselves, but unless ours is to become a regimented economy with everyone on the dole of an oligarchy, Fascist or Communist, it is by the army of yea-men and yea-girls and women that the vision of material prosperity in detail will have to be reinflated, laboriously, by day-by-day trial and error, and the sweat of bright young brows and brave elder ones.

A New Williamstown Institute

ELSEWHERE in this issue, Mr. T. Swann Harding, who has been one of the most energetic publicists to support the Tugwell-Copeland bill for federal supervision and suppression of not only the bald fraud now illegal under the Pure Food and Drugs Act but also misleading innuendos and sharp practise, exposes some patent evils. Such evils clearly have to be cleaned up or they will bring on a sure extension of government regulation, with all its socially costly filling out of lengthy reports and hazards of futile nuisance investigations as well as necessary ones. It would be a shame to have lost in restraining and punitive measures what Mr. Lang envisioned as "made-to-order" opportunities now knocking at the door for domestic enterprise: 7,000,000 automobiles in service, aged seven years, which need replacement; 2,000,000 fewer cars in service than in 1930; 3,000,000 old and ramshackle houses being lived in; 10,000,000 homes with no electric light; 9,000,000 houses without bathrooms, 13,000,000 without central heating plants, and 14,000,000 with no electric refrigerators.

EVERY summer during a number of years Williamstown has buzzed with argument as representatives of various countries and cultures met to participate in open debate on current world problems. That forum has now been closed. Instead the National Conference of Jews and Christians will conduct, during the eight days following August 22, a new Institute organized to present and discuss unhurriedly some aspects of the relations between Catholics, Protestants and Jews. We believe that this undertaking ought to arouse very considerable interest and support. The conference has done a great deal during recent years to promote not merely what is vaguely termed "better understanding," but also many concrete exercises in forbearance. Even those participants who see little point in the work as a whole agree heartily that the meetings are of very great interest and value. Many have come against their will, and have gone away enriched and improved. In Williamstown there will be room for much more than an average conference affords. Every effort has been made to secure the best available comment from the three groups; and Catholics are assured in particular of the benevolent patronage of the Bishop of Springfield. The Institute will meet in the shadow of world events which seem to create a totalitarian state wielded by the power of some minority which believes that might makes right. Neither Catholic, Protestant nor Jew can subscribe to that dominance. But Williamstown will not ring with protests and ineffectual resolutions. It is dedicated to the "exchange of experience," and the nobility of the individual soul.

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WHAT ABOUT THE MACHINE?

By D. MARSHALL

The century-old debate about the machine has been revived anew, and there is a widespread conviction that technological advance implies human retrogression. We have permitted Mr. Marshall to summarize the evidence for this conviction. It goes without saying that the editors are not committed to his views. A counterblast will be provided in due time. There are now as many Catholic opinions on one side as there are on the other, and some of these clamor for expression.—The Editors.

THE MACHINE in human life affords a problem ever more acute. Man versus the machine is now the cry. Slowly but surely the machine seems to gain — and man is robbed of his personality and responsibility. The Catholic attitude is difficult to determine. Traditional teaching, however, among Catholic economists has been generally against the unregulated use of the machine. Here to introduce my remarks I would quote from Catholic authorities. Pope Pius XI in "Quadragesimo Anno" uses the following words:

> Bodily labor, which was decreed by Providence for the good of man's body and soul, even after original sin, has everywhere been changed into an instrument of strange perversion: for dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed; where men are corrupted and degraded.

Adam Müller has (quoted in Spann's "Types of Economic Theory," page 162):

> The spirit reacts unceasingly against the division and mechanization of labor which Adam Smith prized so highly; the spirit desires to preserve man's personality.

Belliot in his "Manuel de Sociologie Catholique" (pages 225 sq.) writes:

> From the point of view of social life, mechanization seems to lead to great inconveniences:
>
> Relatively to society in general, by the excessive vulgarization of the luxurious, the comfortable, the superfluous:
>
> Above all the working class, for whom the machines have the following great inconveniences:
>
> (1) They lower the intellectual standard of the workmen. In effect, work being accomplished automatically by the machine, the workman ordinarily finds himself reduced to a secondary rôle—monotonous, routine-like, unintelligent. He is the servant of the machine: he is its accessory. It follows that he becomes himself a mere cog, an impersonal and relatively insignificant "hand," who can nearly always be easily replaced. The preponderance of the machine causes, for the workman, a certain loss of professional status. He is relegated to the second place. He loses his individuality and becomes a mere machine tender. . . .
>
> (2) The machines overfatigue the workman by the excessive attention which they exact from him.
>
> (3) They render it impossible for the workman to become their own masters.
>
> (4) Mechanization imposes unemployment on a great number of workmen. . . . That is why the question of machinery constitutes at present one of the gravest and most disquieting elements in the social problem.

Finally Devas ("Groundwork of Economics," § 81) classes the damage done by the unregulated use of machinery under three heads—esthetic, psychical and physical.

> First then, not so much the fine arts as the artistic character of the industrial arts may suffer, and the work of the living individual phantasy may be replaced by the dull uniformity of a lifeless mechanism. . . . But I will not attempt to estimate the magnitude of the injury which machinery has inflicted on the beauty of common life; and I will pass on to a second group of evils attached to it, and not unconnected with the first, namely, the injury to the mental state of the workmen. The great majority having to perform some mechanical operation which requires little thought and allows no originality, and which concerns an object in the transformation of which, whether previous or subsequent, they have no part, cannot take a pleasure in their work; and instead of being idealized and made an end in itself, it becomes an irksome means of obtaining subsequent employment. It is true that a man's trade is not his entire life, but I doubt whether any efforts in the hours of leisure can make up for the loss of man's trade as a means of mental cultivation. The third group of evils attached to the introduction of machinery compromises the injurious effects upon the bodily organism of the workman. I am not speaking of the incidental injuries which though actually suffered in this century [the nineteenth] by multitudes, especially women and children, at work on machinery, are yet in no essential connection with this employment. I am speaking of what is inevitable: the noise, the dust, or the heat, and in particular the injury to the nerves through the uniformity and monotony of the work, and the supression of all variety in the play of the muscles. What is wearisome is not so much great muscular effort, which machinery has in fact rendered less needful, but rather the ceaseless strain, the uninterrupted continuance of effort.

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The attitude one must take up is not to be decided by any changing fashion—but by reason. Some Catholics have fallen under the spell of the machine; this is moral cowardice for they fear intellectual damnation. Most Catholic economists have, however, approached the matter from an impartial standpoint, and reasoned it out. Thus Adam Müller, at the beginning of the industrial epoch; thus Hitze, Antoine, Belliot, and Devas; though Hitze and Antoine thought the solution lay in the reintroduction of the guild system alone; while Müller, Belliot, and Devas reacted against the uncontrolled use of machinery, without, however, laying down any principles for its control.

The problem has two elements: first, the machine deprives man of his creative faculties; secondly, it causes the breakdown of the organization of distribution.

It deprives man of his creative power. Under the industrial system the intellect of the workman is cut off from his labor. Previously the workman fashioned every article with his own hands, bringing to bear on it all the skill of the craft which was his. All this is now done by the machine. He, who was once the craftsman, has to perform only a series of repetitive acts. Formerly the essential knowledge that forms the basis of civilization was handed down by the workman of a hundred trades; "culture was in the keeping of innumerable different kinds of craftsmen." Now the whole basis of culture rests in the hands of two small classes—technicians and artists—the élite of the industrial world. They are the engineers who design the machines, and those who design the products of the machines—chemists, etc. Work has changed, for it is no longer human.

To be human, work must always be intellectual as well as manual, for man is made up of both intellectual and physical nature, he is a rational animal. Human work is that into which man can put his whole self, brain and body.

Saint Thomas defines human work in that section dealing with the virtues; where the virtue of prudence is defined as "the right reason of things to be done," the reason applied to action, and contrasted with the "right reason of things to be made" (I-II, Q. 57, art. 4). Just as to act properly one must apply one's reason to the problem of action, so he who wishes to make a thing properly also applies his reason to the problem before him. This capacity Saint Thomas calls "art," and he seems to regard it as a reflection of the creative power of God—the great "Artifex," the Craftsman who fashioned all things according to reason.

The ordinary factory-hand has certainly no chance of applying his reason to his work. It is the last thing which is wanted of him. The technicians put the reason into the work of designing the machines, the rest is repetition. The workman has to supervise that repetition. This bears no resemblance to the creative workmanship of the maker of things.

So we have the first objection to the machine as at present used; it denies the nature of man by giving him work unsuitable to his nature. On this subject a modern Thomist, Jacques Maritain, writes ("Art and Scholastism," Note 4):

> Artistic work, therefore, is specifically human work, as opposed to the work of the beast or the machine; and for this reason human production is in its normal state an artizan's production, and therefore necessitates a strict individual appropriation.

The second phase of the problem is the breakdown in the process of distribution. To put the matter in its simplest terms: the introduction of machinery displaces men; it creates unemployment; and thereby diminishes the demand for goods. A contradiction is evolved; you cannot throw the producer into the street and then expect him to pay for the goods made by the machine which has displaced him. The goods are made in far greater quantities than before; but the buying power is decreased.

Such is the bare problem. In actual fact other elements enter in, and obscure this basic contradiction. The logical working-out of the principle that machinery displaces men has in practise been obscured by two things.

First, the starting of new industries; such as mechanical transport, electrical industries, etc. However, even in these, more intense mechanization soon comes into play, and men are once again replaced by the machines, to be absorbed into other and newer industry. Obviously this cannot go on *ad infinitum*. There must be a limit to invention somewhere and there are signs that it is being reached. Thus L. Hausleiter, in his "Machine Unchained" ("Revolution in der Wettwirtschaft," page 127) points out how to the age of what he calls "vertical economic forces"—i.e., fundamentally new inventions—there has succeeded an age of "horizontal economic forces," or merely new improvements.

> The engine, a fundamentally new invention, with a wealth of others, also fundamentally new, built up modern industry. . . . Electricity was a transition from vertical to horizontal force.

From this aspect the problem of machinery is prevented from working itself out to its logical conclusion by a constant stimulation of new wants. This brings us to a fresh issue: the fundamental contradiction between industrial and Christian ethics. Maximum production, maximum satisfaction, these phrases denote the essence of industrialism. Asceticism is poison to the industrial system. It would be almost true

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to say that every act of mortification causes a machine to stop somewhere. J. H. Randall, in "Religion and the Modern World," writes:

> The long centuries that preached renunciation and spirituality have been forgotten. With a golden flood pouring from the machine and trickling down all who traffic with it, asceticism in any form, either medieval other-worldliness or this-worldly abstinence from pleasure and far-seeing thrift of the Puritan, seems both futile and wrong.

The second cause making the contradiction inherent in the uncontrolled use of machinery is the constant opening up of new markets. It becomes a matter of life and death for the Industrial State to increase production in order to reabsorb the unemployed created by previous mechanization. To consume this increased production new markets must be constantly opened up. But soon after they are opened up they are closed again; for the still unindustrialized countries are not content to remain in the position of suppliers of food and raw materials. They erect their own machine industries and join in the race for more markets.

The obvious solution is the Leisure State. Let every man work a few hours per day or week, at the machines which produce the world's goods, and spend the rest of his time in fruitful leisure, especially in cultivating the powers of the mind. But the point is that all men are not capable of using leisure, and yet live moral lives. To do this demands a devoting of oneself to the contemplation of truth. All are not capable of the contemplative life. "Those who on account of their passions are driven to action are naturally more apt to the active life because of their inquietude of spirit" (Saint Thomas, "Summa," II-II, Q. 182, art. 4, ad 3). Here Christian economics is in touch with the world as it is, knowing the fact of original sin, and its results. They would spend their time in seeking amusement and distraction—as in fact the leisured classes actually do.

To look at the other side of the question. Not all labor before the advent of the machines was human labor; there existed a vast amount of monotonous toil. The toil of the miner would be a case in point. Nevertheless, although the introducers of machinery had not thought of lightening man's labor, but only of making profits, we can if we wish yet bring good out of evil, and, by using machines to do the necessarily monotonous work more quickly, leave men to spend more time on labor most fitted to their nature—that of the hand directed by the brain.

Thus the first rule for the control of machinery is this: that machinery should not be allowed to compete with the work of the craftsman, but should be restricted to its proper sphere, the performance of monotonous and non-human work. The fixing of the criterion for each class would obviously be a matter to be decided by actual experience.

The second and complementary rule is that the machine should be subordinated to the artizan; that the large-scale organization of modern industry should give way to the vastly more important principle of the just distribution of property.

Machinery must be subjected to man, that is reduced to such dimensions that it does not control man, but is controlled by him. Man must be placed in such a position that he can use the machine or leave it alone, according to his will. Hiss free will must be asserted against all non-human forces. This can only be done when man is in his workshop, with the machine before him, able to be used or not to be used as the man wishes. In these circumstances there will be no overproduction or underconsumption, no breakdown of distribution.

STRAUSS AND HOFMANNSTHAL

By HERBERT HERZFELD

APART from the team of Bert Brecht-Kurt Weill, which has given to the world principally the impressive "Beggar's Opera," there is as far as I know no other example in the history of European art in which two outstanding artists, a poet and a musician, have formed such a solid and exclusive alliance as in the most remarkable case of Strauss and Hofmannsthal. They come from completely different surroundings, have completely different temperaments; both had already been in the limelight of public fame; they complement each other in the happiest manner.

As always in such a case, the question is raised by contemporaries and by posterity: Was this unconditional union with the soft, refined Hofmannsthal who with his texts opened up the world to the overenthusiasm and overwhelming music of Strauss a benefit to Strauss, or was he, Hofmannsthal, responsible for the lack of inner feeling in Strauss's music because he forced this music to spread over long stretches of an absolutely a-musical content, a varnish of sounds, intoxicating and exciting to the senses, but without internal substance? I do not intend to treat this quite superfluous question, but to discuss the alliance

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which has produced works of such opposite character as, on the one hand, "Elektra" and the "Frau ohne Schatten" (Woman without a Shadow), and on the other, "Ariadne" and "Rosenkavalier": a team of two independently great artists.

One important fact should be mentioned here. If one reduces the content of Strauss's works to the simplest form, there is always at the center a woman, but each time a different type, a different problem "woman." There are Salome and Elektra, the two most complicated characters, with all the heroic and all the hysterically devious details; there is Ariadne, the waiting, expectant woman, who weaves a veil of dreams and yearnings over life, a veil that is torn by the long-expected "god"; in "Rosenkavalier" there is the tragedy of the aging woman, the most tragically moving of all; in "Frau ohne Schatten" the problem of motherhood; the Egyptian Helen is the sense-transporting and sense-transforming, unfathomable woman; Arabella is the girl of Vienna, superficially frivolous, but suffering deeply under her fate and at the bottom of her heart struggling with it. Finally there is Zdenka, the sister of Arabella, who although only a secondary figure, represents one of the most delicious and best ideas of Hofmannsthal; she is disguised as a boy, Zdenko, because her parents, impoverished aristocrats, are unable to educate two girls in accordance with their position. The abundance of female types in the casts of Strauss-Hofmannsthal is enormous. In their operas appear three cases of women in male attire, but there are really only two male star parts, in the "Rosenkavalier" (Ochs von Lerchenau) and "Arabella" (Mandryka); all the others are unimportant, at least as rôles, often also neglected musically. This is particularly striking in "Salome," where her counterpart Jochanaan has been given far less music than the heroine.

For the most recent opera of Strauss, on which he is now working, Stefan Zweig is writing the text after Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Silent Woman." Here too a woman is the central character. It is remarkable that Strauss, forced through the tragic death of Hofmannsthal to look for another poet, should have selected Stefan Zweig, who among all others has the closest resemblance to Hofmannsthal in his refined humor (waggishness), in his resigned expressions, remote from the struggle of the world, in his resounding prolixity of phrase. Strauss needs the reassuring conviction that he can get from his author a number of beautiful verses, in a prescribed rhythm, to music already written and with a content already expressed in that music. Strauss does not quickly relinquish a musical mood after he has once achieved it; he needs material to let his music sing out broadly in grandiose enhancement, without permitting during that time any change in the content of that text. Only repetitions of the same subject, more and more enhanced toward the musical or philosophic side, are permitted. He would have no use for someone who would write in an abstractly conceptual, economic manner. His author must have tune, enjoyment of tune, time for tune.

If one reads the letters exchanged between Strauss and Hofmannsthal, published by Strauss's son, one has the impression that Strauss was the leading man in the team. Particularly, if one would not know it already from his music, one is struck by his eminently realistic sense of effects, musical climaxes, in short, for the technique of the dramatic. One sees, for example, in what superior fashion he participated in the textual formulation of the last scenes of "Elektra," which, in their dithyrambic musical crescendo, from the appearance of Orestes to the ecstatically jubilant death of Elektra, stand on a lonely peak above everything else. Similarly, Strauss sensed immediately all the theatrical defects of the "Rosenkavalier." In many very diplomatic and cautious letters he battled for changes with Hofmannsthal, who at that time felt constantly insulted for some reason or other. In the second act he succeeded in having changes adopted; there exists an enthusiastic letter of Hofmannsthal, thanking Strauss for his suggestions. The whole structure of the duelling scene with the servants of Ochs von Lerchenau, the enchanting closing scene with the famous waltz song, are Strauss's very own work.

An author can learn enormously from him. In a letter (on a planned opera, "Semiramis," again the drama of a woman!) Strauss says that quiet, monologic or duo-closing scenes give much stronger and more lasting impressions than the fortissimo breaking off of pompous mass spectacles. Wagner, by the way, knew that too, and this method gave him his strongest closing scenes (for example, Wotan's leave-taking in "Walküre"; Brünhilde's parting song in "Götterdämmerung"). In the "Rosenkavalier" there are three closing scenes where the music fades away slowly, perfect in effect, on which Strauss insisted. They are classical examples of enormous impressiveness at every performance. On the other hand, Strauss knew perfectly well that the third act was a complete failure, without humor, that it petered out, up to the reappearance of the marshalless. The behavior here is now typical of Strauss. In spite of all, unable to persuade Hofmannsthal to change it, he wrote for this an incredibly liquid, empty, gay music, which pauses nowhere but flows rapidly on up to the unique terzett, where Strauss puts his whole artistry and humanity into play, as rarely elsewhere Three lyric sopranos are guided in an incomparably skilful manner to perfect consonance. The stupendous technique of

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Strauss, which knows no obstacle, permitted him to use subjects, to enter new fields, that had been unattainable to music. (No other composer, for instance, would have attempted to write music for a text like that of "Die Frau ohne Schatten.") In doing so, however, Strauss did not initiate a new epoch, he was not a pioneer, but one with whom this method reached its highest perfection. That period of music which gives only the illusion of a phenomenon and of an expression, instead of giving the expression itself, has probably passed away, at least in Germany, not to return for a considerable time. Ottorino Respigli is still the most prominent representative of that school in Italy; Maurice Ravel in France.

Strauss makes use of the leitmotif, but in a way differing fundamentally from that of Wagner. First, as to the structure of the motif as such. With Wagner it is the incarnation of the idea he wants to express, with Strauss an external musical picture. With Wagner the musical idea is itself evident, with Strauss it gets life only through the instrumentation. Strauss approaches a matter purely as a musician and is immeasurably remote from Wagner's psychology. His motives are pithy and characteristic, easily recognized and easily applied; one might say that Strauss's music overflows the concepts and carries them away in a confusingly beautiful, intoxicating inspired dream; Wagner on the other hand dissolves and transforms the concepts. The way the motif is applied is therefore also different. The reason for the introduction of a motif in its various concatenations and interlacing forms lies with Strauss in something audible through the senses, with Wagner in a vision of the soul.

Consider, for example, Wagner's music during intermission, while the curtain is down (Siegfried's trip on the Rhine, the music during the shift of scenes in "Parsival," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung"); everything is charged with myth and meaning. Compare with that Salome's dance, one of the most inspired inventions in all musical literature, with its transparency of tune, its representation of a state of the soul; but it is a representation, a picture, not an incarnation. Wagner's motif goes to the essence of things, Strauss wants to show the effect of the essence.

One could write volumes on Strauss's instrumentation, but we want to illuminate only Strauss's position in relation to the literary side of opera. The selection of his texts was in most cases an inspiredly happy one. This is true without reservation for "Salome" (Oscar Wilde) and "Elektra." In the chamber-opera "Ariadne of Naxos," which contains the sublimest music Strauss has ever written, Hofmannsthal showed himself most pronouncedly Austrian: the greatest sense of style and sensitivity but no force; much that is lyrical, but complete failure in the dramatic. The same is true of the "Rosenkavalier," although Strauss's influence there has diminished the defects. The two have produced a single psychological-philosophical opera, "Die Frau ohne Schatten." It is true but symptomatic that this work, containing as it does high ethical intentions and really great thoughts, has not been universally accepted; this was not entirely the fault of the public. There is no doubt of the beauty and greatness of the underlying plan. Rarely have more poetic and deeper verses been written; there are spots of the highest musical value. The great problem and the great sanctity of motherhood are the subject, once before already touched upon passingly in "Elektra." Unfortunately this motif, the most human of all, was taken from its most involved and complicated side, with surrealisms, spectral messengers, wicked nursemaids, hocus-pocus without measure. Strauss asked always for extreme brevity, which increased the incomprehensibility. His style is not adapted to philosophy. The values contained in his music are borne glittering toward the external in great, wonderful arches, are thrown like the waves of the sea to the shore. But here the music makes somersaults, in the temple scene he can not find his way out; the empress, after an ear-splitting crescendo, has to speak. This is a complete failure, is contrary to the meaning of the scene, and gives even a ridiculous effect, due to the usual lack of dramatic talent in singers.

Strauss has never turned away from the wonderful style he had found in the "Rosenkavalier," but he has never again succeeded with the same perfection. "The Egyptian Helen" is dramatically a complete failure, musically a partial one; a recent revamping has not improved it fundamentally. After that, the two remembered their greatest success, the "Rosenkavalier," and attempted to play the same record again, since it went so well the first time. The result is "Arabella," but this opera, in spite of a splendid first act, gives one the feeling that it is superfluous because all that could be said on the subject ("Vienna" being the program) had already been said in so perfect a manner that repetition seems unnecessary. This, however, is the worst fate that can happen to a work of art.

Nevertheless, in spite of all disappointments and inadequacies, this cooperation of the authors has been a godsend for all concerned. It has produced works of a wonderful balance; it has been on the search for values (and has found them), the like of which cannot be seen in other productions of today's operatic stage. The absolute grandeur of "Elektra," the Mozart-like inspiration of "Ariadne," are like sacrificial altars on which two great men have offered up their hearts, to give peace and liberation to all who come to warm themselves at these fires.

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TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

By T. SWANN HARDING

RECENTLY truth in advertising and the gentle technics of fooling the customers have been much discussed. Fierce accusations of industry and advertising in general have been followed by pathetic lamentations. Partizans of things as they are tell us that false advertising and fooling the customers, while existing to be sure, are of only occasional occurrence.

A year or so ago, however, a new industry had the opportunity to start from scratch and to prove the noble purposes of advertisers and manufacturers. Fermented and distilled liquors appeared on the American market after an enforced legal (somewhat fictional) absence of several years. What happened? The labels affixed to these liquid dispensers of inner joy were so grossly false that the Federal Alcohol Control Administration was compelled to intervene. Little or none of the whisky had actually reached the age claimed in advertising or on labels. Many distillers added a few drops of truly ancient whisky to each pint of relatively raw spirits and then, by clever label statements, created the impression that the whole was very old stuff. Chemically speaking, it is of course true that aging merely flavors whisky and probably renders it not less poisonous, in the process, because it does not remove harmful ingredients. But the point is that buyers had a right to know what they were purchasing and that the industry denied them. "Neutral whisky" appeared, containing more body than neutral spirits but much lighter than straight whisky—not a whisky yet sold as such. "Straight rye" on the label did not mean, as it should, produced from a mash of not less than 51 percent rye. "Straight bourbon" did not mean that the mash was not less than 51 but not more than 80 percent corn. Finally, the government interfered and after November 1, 1934, beverage liquors had to bear honest labels. Then consumers could learn who was really responsible for the liquor, what coloring and flavoring matters were used in it, how old it actually was, the type of mash used, the quantity of "neutral whisky" it contained, and the precise nature of the blend.

To be sure liquor was following an old precedent. A leading producer of another beverage, tea, was at the very time setting a conspicuously iniquitous example. It had long been marketing tea in ½-pound and ¼-pound packages. It now decided, however, to use 7-ounce and 3½-ounce packages instead, and issued the following instructions to retailers: "When customers ask for a ½-pound package of any of the old line, hand them the large (7-ounce) package of our tea with the remark, 'This is the way they are packing it now.'" In the same way a 3½-ounce package was foisted off as a full quarter of a pound—unless the consumer proved alert enough to read the inconspicuously printed net weights on the packages. But the tea company knew few consumers would do that.

In foods the purchaser does have quantitative guidance, but in textiles accurate qualitative guidance is lacking. Fabrics are not labeled with complete honesty. A label should tell the exact composition of the fabric in terms understood by the buyer, the precise percentage shrinkage that may be expected, the true fastness of the dyes under specified conditions, the air permeability and power to retain heat, and, in garments, the scientifically standardized size.

Textile labels are slowly improving, but the buyer who expects complete information there will be fooled as badly as the one who expects "genuine" mahogany furniture to be "solid" mahogany. The former expression does not mean mahogany through and through but means merely veneered thinly with genuine mahogany. In other words, advertisements that are true to fact are often deceptive.

It is not always a case of the lie direct, such as recommending an ordinary bitter tonic or stomachic as useful in treating rheumatism, boils, loss of weight, and low red blood cell count. It is not always a matter of insisting over the radio that an ordinary general tonic has extraordinary powers to remedy chronic and dangerous ailments. True such direct deception does tend to go to extremes. An ordinary depilatory is falsely represented in advertising as actually preventing the regrowth of hair, as destroying the very cause of hair growth, as producing everlasting freedom from excess hair, and as being safe and harmless. Or a crude device of woven copper wire with electrical connections is advertised as a great "biological discovery" in "radio-magnetic energy" or "thermo-electric-magnetism," for revitalizing the organs, increasing cell activity, eliminating poisons, and alleviating numerous diseases—there being also fictitious pictures of the non-existent manufacturing plant where the device is supposedly made.

Most frauds are somewhat less crude. Here is a reducing preparation advertised in really good magazines and often even in medical journals! Originally an English product, it is said to be a remarkable "stimulator and energizer.

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. . . It's the little daily dose that does it. . . . Here's the recipe that banishes fat and brings into blossom all the natural attractiveness that every woman possesses." What is it? It is just salts: a plain saline laxative composed of Glauber's salt, potassium sulphate, common table salt, the near relative of the last called potassium chloride, and citric acid. Taking it is just like taking salts. It had never been tested scientifically, as admitted by the doctors who appeared in its defense before the Federal Trade Commission, which decided that advertising given the product was so false as to constitute unfair competition. Its fictitious sales appeal tended to increase the sale of this one trade-marked kind of salts at the expense of other saline laxatives whose manufacturers described them honestly. That was in restraint of trade.

Take another form of fooling the customers. The requirements of the law are fulfilled by labels which give the net weight. But often the terms used confuse the customer. The expression "0.075 Gal." may appear on a label when the container has 3 quarts in it, while the archaic expression 6 drahms is used to express three-quarters of an ounce. How many consumers are aware that 8-ounce avoirdupois bottles of maple syrup contain only 6 fluid ounces? How many know that when a 70 percent sugar syrup of 1.35 specific gravity is concerned, the label statement "11 oz. A." means in actuality only 8 fluid ounces or ½ pint? This is all refined quantitative deception.

A survey of honey containers used in the grocery stores of New York City not long ago disclosed that there were 36 different general types, ranging from 2-ounce jars to 160-pound wooden kegs. Yet one-third of all the honey was sold in 2½-pound tins; next in popularity came 1-pound tins and 14-ounce glass jars. More than half of all the honey sold went out in 3 types of containers, and 90 percent went out in the 12 most popular types. Prices varied accordingly. Honey in tins was often from $.10 to $.15 a pound cheaper than honey sold in glass containers of the same size. The same quality honey sold at $.25 a pound in 5-pound tin containers and at $1.20 a pound in 2-ounce glass jars. Very often 2-ounce and 5-ounce jars of the same quality honey sold at identically the same price, while 14-ounce containers were seldom segregated from full pounds and were sold as such. At times, indeed, such was the confusion, the 14-ounce containers sold for more than full pounds of the same quality honey; at other times they sold for so much less that honey cost less per pound in the 14-ounce than in 1-pound containers! This condition was not peculiar to New York, as a confirmatory survey made in California stores demonstrated. There also the containers were of many deceptive shapes and sizes, and customers could not calculate the per pound cost of the honey without going through an elaborate arithmetical problem.

Moreover, as Federal Trade Commission investigations have shown, most stores short-weight customers on non-packaged goods. The commodities studied by the Commission were navy beans, dried prunes, lima beans, light-weight sweet crackers, and sugar. They were observed as sold in 1,691 chain stores in four cities of more than 100,000 population. Short weight was given in over half the cases but over weight in only about one-third. The total net shortage on the part of chain stores amounted to 0.3 percent, or a return of 3.41 upon the investment in the commodities mentioned. This is figured on a basis of a stock turn of 10.61 times, and is not bad at all. Goods weighed in advance were short two times out of three, or in 59 percent of the cases. It scarcely seems that the stores, which always advertise widely, made a sufficiently serious effort to serve their customers honestly.

But suggest that these things end. Suggest that canned goods, say, shall be graded generally as the Bureau of Agricultural Economics has been grading it successfully now for some years, on request, and the representatives of advertising opine this is unjust. Why? Because the canners have spent millions to tell consumers (with consumers' money of course, as they pay these advertising bills indirectly) that this and that specific brand is superfine. Now if any manufacturer, whether a national advertiser or not, who has A quality goods can put that quality mark on his label, he can compete on equal footing with expensively advertised brands!

That nationally advertised canned goods are not the best has been shown by careful studies. The labels are usually meaningless as accurate indications of the food quality within, and the price paid bears no rational relation to the content in pounds of fruits and vegetables. High-priced cans often contain goods of inferior quality and low grade, or else the actual price per pound of food material within is exorbitant. Low-priced cans of non-nationally advertised canned goods often contain food of the highest quality priced at a very low rate per pound. Moreover, advertised brands of canned goods consistently sell higher than non-advertised brands, though they are usually quite as consistently lower in quality. Besides that there are approximately 1,000 brands of canned peaches, nearly 5,000 of canned corn, 300 of canned pineapple, and 1,000 of canned salmon on the market at all times. How can the customer be informed?

The Department of Agriculture has for some years had useful and convenient quality grades for fruits and vegetables which, it has shown, can

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easily be enforced. More far-seeing distributors, like the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, begin to see the feasibility of food quality standards for canned goods. This organization has already printed a month's supply of quality labels for three or four varieties of canned goods and it plans to make an experiment of far-reaching import.

Some measure of quality standards for foods will certainly form part of the new Food and Drugs Act. Already the mere publicity of the campaign for such an act has caused producers and advertisers to prepare for some self-administered cleansing. Government intervention here is by no means unwarranted. Such acts of the government in the fields of business, advertising and industry are in response to the appeals of certain individuals, groups, or interests. Advertising today is so far from what it should be that more ethical and honorable business men complain. They knew that false advertising ruins business and that self-regulation is sporadic and prejudicial. It is true that advertisers frequently formulate bills for their own protection but such bills stop at condemning advertising statements that are untrue to fact. They usually insist upon the legal right to make true statements of fact deceptive to the buyer by indirection, inference and ambiguity.

Some years ago, however, the United States Food and Drug Administration brought a case against a nostrum called Fulton's Compound. This stuff bore on its label the following true statement of fact: "We have received many letters from physicians reporting in cases of . . . Bright's disease . . . albuminaria . . . nephritis . . . that the use of this Compound was attended with decrease in the albumen in the urine or in improvement in the physical condition of the patient or both." The makers had the letters, written by uncritical or perhaps by dishonest doctors. The remedy was a fake. The court held that this form of advertising, though true to fact, was even more reprehensible than more direct deception would have been, for it created the impression that the useless remedy was valuable much more surely than would the manufacturer's simple unsupported statement of value. The court declared that true statements of fact could be used on labels to deceive but that the act should be so read as to make them violative.

A similar case concerned a syrup labeled "Maple Maid Syrup" and bearing the picture of a woman and a maple tree on the label. There was also printed thereon, very inconspicuously, the statement that the product was made from two-thirds pure refined sugar and one-third maple sugar. An effort was detected to have the stuff masquerade as a pure maple syrup and a case was brought. On June 2, 1924, the Supreme Court rendered a decision containing the following words:

> Deception may result from the use of statements not technically false or which may be literally true. The aim of the statute is to prevent that resulting from indirection and ambiguity, as well as from statements which are false. It is not difficult to choose statements, designs and devices which will not deceive. Those which are ambiguous and liable to mislead should be read favorably to the accomplishment of the purpose of the act.

That decision is the law of the land. The Supreme Court has affirmed this same conviction in still other decisions, some of them concerning cases brought to protest rulings of the Federal Trade Commission. Viewed purely from the business standpoint the Court is right. Consumer injustice aside, it is bad business to fool the customers. If manufacturers and advertisers have not learned that, it is fortunate the government has broader vision.

If business knows its own good it will work for the enactment of a better Food and Drugs Act which will extend the law to statements in general advertising. Self-regulation is bound to fail in this field in the long run. Only government arbiters can hope to succeed. Fortunately as producers win freedom from unfair competition consumers will win the opportunity to get their money's worth in an honest market. Thus everybody should be happy.

Low Country Dawn

Deep in the cane-brake now the rice birds flutter,
While the slow moccasin
Uncoils his fretted length and on the water
Patterns a thin
Unwavering arrow. Overhead a buzzard
Bends in the blue
With moveless wing his crystal arc. The lizard
Cold in the shining dew
Blinks at the snail beneath the oleander.
Along the shore
Rise rich, untidy voices. Black boys wander
To seek once more
Largesse of shrimp and crab. Their huddled shanties
Caught in the sun
Are palaces of light, whose only want is
Laughter and fun. . . .

Here with a primal peace, a primal bounty,
Earth, sea, and sky
Are leagued against the mind's cold ordered county
Of *how* and *why*.
Old wisdom this, which reckons not the morrow,
Nor when the hour may chime;
Untouched of fear, and soon assuaged of sorrow—
Now is the moment's magic of all time!

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

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AT HOME IN NEW ORLEANS

By RACHEL VIOLETTE CAMPBELL

YOU MAY be told by some New Yorker that a year of that effete city will endow you with a lifelong desire to live there. But time moves more swiftly in the reputedly slow Southern atmosphere of New Orleans, and many people are convinced that two months is sufficient to create a permanent yearning for this adventurous place. Adventure? A highly overused word. Romance? Poof! And yet five years of living in New Orleans have convinced me that what has been frequently overstated and superlatively praised has its grain of truth. This eulogy is written by a housewife, the better part of whose daily twenty-four hours is spent either on the job or subject to call; who, in New Orleans, has found that even domesticity can be amusing, and who fears she is spoiled for living anywhere else.

While cosmopolitan to the point of making the South only one of its many elements, New Orleans, thank God, is not a melting pot. Its nationalities and races move and mingle in friendly accord, each preserving its own individuality and, what is better, unimpinging on your own. I almost believe the biblical lion and lamb would find a likely home within its environs.

Most of us in New Orleans still live in houses. We have our own gardens. We don't have to go to the park to see a tree or hear the birds sing, nor for that matter do we have to go to the country to see a cow. Housewives converse face to face with dozens of people daily, and with each other across the back fence. We have our servants, unautomatized. And we are the moderate wage earners, not millionaires.

A Yankee born and bred, and never having given an order to anyone, I have gone through the school of learning how to treat a servant, and there is no greater comfort to a city housewife with three children than to have a good Negro servant. With my present Mary I have reached a state often envied among my acquaintances, for her service is excellent and her personality most agreeable.

Mary is the fifth of a series. First was Sarah, whom I borrowed occasionally from my mother-in-law. She is the world's best tonic for the blues, despite her own share of trouble. She, like the rest of New Orleans, is a gambler, and puts her nickel "on a number" every blessed day. Sarah is a combination Baptist-Catholic. She belongs to the Baptist but goes to the Catholic church for special services. At Easter she will go to a fish-fry the preceding Saturday night, stay up for Baptist services beginning at two in the morning, go on to Mass at the Catholic church, and wind up on the job at breakfast time, albeit somewhat bleary-eyed.

Then there is Edna, a practical nurse, who cared for my three babies each time I came home from the hospital. Though inclined to be slow, her geniality is a comfort and her skill an assurance. Now that nursing is not to be found on every tree, she sells insurance, to my Mary, for one. On Tuesdays when she comes to collect her twenty cents, I may invade the kitchen to see her giving the baby his bottle or drinking coffee while gossiping with Mary. I hear news of friends for whom she has worked —perhaps finding out who is to have the next baby.

I learned about "flossy" Negroes from Laura. She had not only a husband but a boy-friend, though the two never met, and her husband showed no curiosity about the source of her new lapin jacket or shoes. I suppose I should mention Lucille, albeit her career was the most short-lived of them all. Her forte would have been ladies' maid, so somehow she faded out of the picture.

Then there was good heavy Rosetta who went to night school. We conscientiously let her off early enough to go three nights a week, and with our superior intellects often helped her with her fractions. My choice memory of her lies with a short story she asked me to type. She had already sold one to a romantic pulp magazine for $10! I was amply repaid for my labor with a month's supply of dinner conversation. A mixture of delusions of grandeur and a stormy night, the story included among others this gem: "You probably think me foolish, doctor, but my child is dying, and you know how a mother feels at such a time." Having my own offspring I appreciated the feeling, also!

Then along came Mary. She is younger than I, and slight, yet she can outlast many a strong man. We are pretty good friends. With her an equable temper, which I can usually maintain, is as important as a big salary, which I cannot give. We know most of each other's troubles. The week her boy-friend saw her dancing with another and "campused" her at home, was a hectic time for us all. She loves "her children," tells me what to do for them, and makes them mind, often better than I.

Our present house, an old rambling affair, uptown on the "Avenue," is four blocks from the

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river. The three blocks back of us are entirely negroid. There is a church and a school. From the early morning exodus to the car-line to the release of night-school classes, when I know it is time to feed the baby, the Negroes' goings and comings are an indication of the time of day. Occasionally we have a funeral. A band mournfully plays a popular air, there are carriages and banners and outfits of various "orders," and everyone turns out to see. My bedroom window overlooks the side street on which they go up and down, and is sometimes the medium of my overhearing some remarkable things. A Negro woman, sad with liquor in the small hours, announces her intention to commit suicide, or a voice rivalling Robeson's sounds sweetly. I listen to shrill-voiced complaints about the "teacher" or about the servants' "Madames," and hear weird tales of the dead. But mostly, I think, I hear laughter.

Joe is the handy boy about the neighborhood. He washes windows, beats mattresses, cuts grass, drives nails, chases my dog if he gets out, and once was ahead of me in the search for my eldest who escaped the yard. His goings-on are sometimes the scandal of our village. He is not in working condition at Christmas or Mardi Gras because then he is thoroughly inebriated.

Sarah's little girl may come along of a Sunday morning to play with the children. They all seem to remember to come around before Christmas, and I am glad to remember them with some little gift, because they are, somehow, comforting. Even the iceman's daily presence does me good on rainy days. Hucksters, and the Italian with his monkey, are always friendly. I have a bowing acquaintance with the garbage man. The roar of the commercial world is furnished by a small business section near us, of which the Italian grocery is my favorite. The faces there do not change, and though prices are higher they give a generous measure. "For you," they will say —to everyone. If I need "change," they will lend it gladly. So I, at least, have little reason to develop that dread disease, housewives' boredom. And if my newspaper husband reports having met Prince Ferdinand or C. E. M. Joad, I can retaliate with the iceman's opinion of Huey P. Long or the effect of NRA on the price of milk.

I like the friendliness of the great Mississippi. We are uptown above the busy miles of wharves, yet at night when my senses are free to register undomestic affairs the solitary hoot of some oil tanker brings to mind another world—of gulls and flying fish, treacherous winds and motley crews. And a sympathy for my husband who often in the nerve-racking process of making the next edition wishes he were shouting orders on deck instead of to cubs. The river is the delight of my children. We do not have to dress up to go on parade, but can dash out the back gate, as is. The first attraction is a railroad track with occasional puffing freights. The levee offers a grazing horse or cow, kites being flown in season, wild flowers, and smart riders racing along its path. If we are lucky, the river itself offers a cotton-laden barge, a tug, a huge-paddled boat. Each summer brings a show-boat to the foot of our street, and we are allowed to view the auditorium where the actors play "Ten Nights in a Barroom" or "East Lynne." In all seasons there is the uncheerful sight of ocean liner after ocean liner anchored near the opposite bank, in grave testimony to the depression. Sometimes I have counted fifty of them.

However lowly are the Negro houses we pass few are without their quota of flowers. A poinsetta is no longer a decoration on a Christmas card to me. All this some-time swamp land of my neighborhood now boasts tall and stubby palm trees, giving a sense of semi-tropical nature adventurous to one who hailed from a land of leggings and mittens. Lenten season always brings out young vandals who cut down the palm leaves so that they may attend church on Palm Sunday with the proper religious fervor.

Each season brings its own particular war on varmints just to liven things up. Otherwise unemployed men bang on your back gate with ant cans to sell, or roach powders, or rat poison. It is something of a shock to see a chameleon clinging to your best curtain, though they are sources of wonder to the children on the back fence. It is not pleasant to see a mouse eating the Duke of Bronte's canary seed. I do not care for mosquitoes or flies or caterpillars. Unless hardened to it, all sorts of dreadful diseases may be envisioned at the sight of a giant rat doing a tightrope stunt on the telephone wires. One simply learns to fight them as best one can and realize that the days of devastating plagues in the city are past, that the death rate is the lowest in the country, that our illustrious Dr. Cline says we have the most healthful climate in the world. I was told in horror by a distant relative, stopping at a downtown hotel, that she had seen a roach. I assured her that the best people had them, that they sometimes appear at the smartest of functions, and that natives simply take them as one of the lesser attractions of the place. She remained, however, unconvinced.

As far as I can discover New Orleans makes more of its summer than any other Southern or American city. In April the town rolls up its rugs, takes down its draperies, covers its furniture and closes its shutters. The result is a fairly comfortable six months of hot weather. And the reclothing of one's house is almost as exciting as shopping for a new fall outfit.

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All this is the stuff from which the "Be it ever so humble" business is made. I freely admit that sentiment and prejudice play a part in my panegyric. Yet I should like to lay my finger on the elements that make, to me, the New Orleanian the chief charm of New Orleans. Certainly tolerance is important. The city police department's intolerance of crime is about the only form of prohibition I am aware of. The utter lack of snobbery of the whole mass of people is not to be disregarded either. Through my husband I have met every possible sort of person, and rarely found in any of them any sort of affectation. Perhaps the comparative unimportance of money may be included. One's standing depends little on money, and some of the most popular débutantes have notoriously small budgets to introduce them to society. Nor do I think I am in danger of the sin of overstatement, when I say that the Carnival spirit is partially responsible. The spirit of the child, of gaiety and play, is present the year around, in those who have grown white-haired as well as with the young. Also I offer to you the legend of New Orleans' beautiful women. I was inclined to take it with a grain of salt until the testimony of so many proud natives and admiring foreigners convinced me that the life of the city and the inheritance of its inhabitants makes for beautiful women. Nor will I fail to include the color and pageantry and reverence for unseen things which mean, to me, the Catholic Church. I am not a Catholic, as the greater part of New Orleans is. But I cannot enter the cathedral opposite Jackson Square —or any other Catholic church for that matter —without wishing a little bit that I, too, believed.

When I am ready to visit New York, I shall pack a pair of ear-muffs. For St. Louis I shall include a gas mask and a pair of blinkers, so that a break in the rows and rows of apartment houses will not startle me too much. For Berkeley I shall get out my best manners and dust them off carefully.

Whereas, if you come to New Orleans, you must learn to take off your high hat, to rub off the veneer, to become at least a little temperamental—or we shall have none of you.

June

The Gardener spades the soil
Of His munificent Heart
(Where Selfhood has no part),
Works it with grief and pain,
Seeds it with death and loss,
And, lo! with love amain,
A Rose burgeons again,
Upon a Cross.

J. Corson Miller.

ONE OF US[1]

By MADELON KISSEL

IT IS difficult to estimate properly a man of virtue who is daily before our eyes. He becomes mingled and confounded with other men. His great qualities lose their novelty and we become too familiar with the common materials which form the basis even of the loftiest character. Of such a caliber was Father Fitz. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by time—perhaps by care. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy did not weigh very heavily upon his shoulders and although he taught school in one of the big universities and one of the smaller high schools, when he left that little empire over which he lorded, he became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. Little wonder then that he had no enemies. Parents, who received reproving letters from the principal, never ceased to wonder that Father Fitz thought their "cherub" really was a cherub. An eraser or a piece of chalk thrown his way was always laughed off with the best of humor by his popular saying, "Better luck next time, little fellow." Needless to say there never was a next time.

It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to sit on his porch, rocking back and forth with that familiar, juicy cigar in his mouth, talking over parish conditions with the neighboring minister. He always had a suggeston to make regarding the financial conditions and was always eager to hear that more and more people were attending the neighboring church. It was his contention that it is better to go to any church than not to go to church at all.

Thus did Father Fitz travel in and about Main Street. His steel grey hair made him a target for friendly eyes and as he advanced upon us with the slow gait of his advancing years we never ceased to marvel at the almost rustic simplicity in the giant smile that played upon his spacious cheek and lighted up his humorous eye, as his outstretched hand grasped ours with youthful energy. He would stand there with us discussing whatever came into his head and we would hang eagerly upon his words that were ever filled with wisdom.

He had pastimes but he laid them down as easily as he took them up. We remember the day we met him pounding down the street looking neither to the right nor to the left and we stopped to question him.

"Oh! that housekeeper," he stormed, "I don't know what to do with her. My birds, all my little birds that I've spent such a long time raising, they're all gone—eaten for dessert by my housekeeper's pet cats. I told her to keep those Tommies away from my room, but she was so careless about it. I can't find any other fault with her. She's good to me in every other way. I guess I'll have to change my hobby."

[1] Some months ago, a committee enlisted our support for a literary contest among students in New York Catholic colleges. Quite a number of manuscripts were submitted, most of them of nearly equal merit. We selected Miss Kissel's sketch, and herewith extend to her our felicitations.

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And that was how it happened that Father Fitz began raising English bulldogs. The whole town quailed at the sight of them, with their large jowls hanging almost to the ground and their big teeth protruding into space, but he was always assuring everyone that they were as gentle as lambs. Perhaps they were, but no one would venture near enough to them to discover the truth of his statement.

It was at this time that Father Fitz began having trouble with the garbage man. He fed the puppies kennel ration twice a day, and since there were about ten dogs, there were always a lot of cans to be disposed of. The garden was cluttered up for a while and then we noticed that the cans had all disappeared. We wondered if Father Fitz had reported the condition to the Board of Health. We pricked the mystery one morning when we rode up the main highway amid a flurry of snow and Father Fitz proudly pointed to paper bags filled with cans and garbage of all sorts and defiantly said, "I threw them there. As I said to the Department of Sanitation the other morning, 'If you can't be sanitary, I shall have to find means of my own to dispose of my débris!' "

Then there was the time when he formed the boys' brigade and paid over $500 for instruments. His simplicity deceived him for a while and he thought "his boys" appreciated his efforts to make them musical. But the venture failed and Father Fitz finally decided the only thing left to do was to sell the instruments. We rode up with him the morning that he sold them and we shall never forget the picture. He filled his pockets with flutes, his hands with drums and asked us whether we could stick a few drumsticks in the vacant places. When he walked up Fifth Avenue completely hid behind his burden, the crowded street looked at him as they would at a curiosity shop, bumping into people, excusing himself, and then bumping into some more people. One old woman actually stopped in wonderment and sticking her head into our car politely asked, "What in the world is that, a one-man band?"

He bought a car, a beauty as they say, but after two months we didn't quite recognize it. He neglected the oil and water and very often the gas. We faintly remember there was a time when the fenders didn't have any bumps on them but that time has long since past. We saw the color of the car once: we think it is maroon but the dust has laid heavily on it for so long that we couldn't say for sure.

His clothes presented the same dusty and worn condition but this didn't seem to concern him in the least. He used to say that he actually shunned the looking-glass and thus he avoided the shock we all must get once in a while when we confront ourselves. Behind this careless outward appearance there was a wealth of kindness and understanding. Generous beyond the point of human capacity, his pocket-book was open to one and all when there was anything left in it. There were always shoes for Mrs. Peter's little Johnny, the town's scatter-brain, "who was such an upright little fellow," clothes for old Hoboken Jim, the town's drunkard but "who had a heart of gold." His appetite for the hard-luck story and his powers of digesting it were equally extraordinary. His simple credulity seemed to throw open every door and unlock every heart, but he appeared to attach no importance to anything he did. He had known great things and great people, but he would tell you he had never played a great part.

Thus he went along on his journey through life, a keeper of keys who kept no keys because there was never anyone to keep out. He had no need for outside happiness, for his happiness was within his very depths, and he gave of it abundantly. His outside covering, that suit covered with spots, that slouchy hat, those worn-out shoes, belied his inner radiance. They were all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character.

Perhaps some day Father Fitz will change his suit, groom himself to perfection, leave his dirty old cigar home and walk down Main Street amid the astonished throng. We don't know. We hope he won't for we rather like him as he is.

Communications

THE LAY FACULTY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: I should like to introduce the following statistics in your discussion of the lay teacher in the Catholic college.

The 1934 survey of the Department of Education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference showed a total of 9,659 professors and instructors in 169 Catholic universities and colleges. Of these 4,558 were religious teachers and 5,101 were lay teachers. Lay teachers, then, comprised 52.8 percent and religious teachers 47.2 percent of the total.

In 1932, the year of the previous survey, lay teachers comprised 53.7 percent and religious teachers 46.3 percent of the total of 8,968 teachers reported in that year.

The number of religious teachers in 1934 was almost equally divided between the institutions for men and women; 2,235 religious teachers were in the former type of institution and 2,323 religious teachers in the latter.

The religious teachers in the universities and colleges conducted by men included 2,104 priests and Brothers and 131 Sisters. The teaching staff of the colleges conducted by women included 314 priests and 2,009 Sisters.

The largest proportion of lay teachers, a total of 4,329, was in the universities conducted by men. Only 772 lay teachers were in the women's colleges. Of the total number of lay teachers in both types of Catholic colleges 4,384 were men and 717 were women.

Between 1932 and 1934 the increase in the total number of professors and instructors in all Catholic universities and colleges was 691. Religious teachers showed a gain of 408 and lay teachers 283.

JAMES E. CUMMINGS,
Assistant Director,
N. C. W. C. Department of Education.

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DECLINE OF RETICENCE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the April 12 issue of THE COMMONWEAL Mr. Elmer Murphy sheds copious tears over the apparent "decline of reticence." Evidently he believes that the present order of society should not be changed; one of his arguments being that it has, in America, succeeded "in raising the standard of living to a level hitherto unattained. . . ." It might be interesting to hear what the "sharecroppers" of the South and the workers in the Imperial Valley of California think of this "standard of living."

Mr. Murphy ridicules by implication Senator Long, Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin, particularly the latter, who, he says, "dogmatically diagrams a new world." But the radio priest has done no such thing. He has justly condemned the evils of the present system, as well as the ultra-reactionary United States Chamber of Commerce, and has advocated measures designed to scatter the money changers. But he never "diagramed" any panacea.

Mr. Murphy takes comfort in the papal encyclicals which, he says, "do not prescribe how railroads are to be run or currency is to be manipulated." The encyclicals do, however, indict certain practises of capitalism, and do plead for a readjustment of the present order.

What is needed is, not reticence, but vociferous condemnations of so-called rugged individualism, and drastic government statutes to make possible the better distribution of the national wealth, which is, as the encyclicals emphatically state, "in the hands of a few."

LAWRENCE JOSEPH BYRNE.

THE LETTER-BOX

FURTHER correspondence about Mr. Paul V. Murray's "A Plan for Mexico" has been received. Mr. Robert R. Hull, corresponding secretary of the Friends of Mexico, sends a letter from which we quote the following: "Let me say that it is not true, as Mr. Murray assumes, that the *Sunday Visitor* has suggested a boycott of commodities imported from Mexico. The plan was suggested by the Friends of Catholic Mexico, which is an independent society. It is not connected in any manner with *Our Sunday Visitor* save for the fact that returns have been made to the Corresponding-Secretary in care of *Our Sunday Visitor* and friendly relations continue to exist between the Society and *Our Sunday Visitor.*" Mr. Hull also doubts that Protestants in the United States will "rally to our support as they rallied to the banner of the Legion of Decency." The Reverend Alexis Linde, Ord. Praem., of St. Norbert College, West De Pere, Wis., has this to say: "At a meeting of the Catholic Foresters in Green Bay last week a prominent politician, once a candidate for governor on the Democratic ticket, gave a talk on Mexico, stating that we cannot expect the President of the United States to interfere with Mexican misrule and that we cannot demand the recall of Ambassador Daniels. He seems to be ignorant of the fact that the government of the United States has more than once protested against the persecution of Jews and Christians in other countries. . . . France has sent a strong protest to the Mexican persecutors for closing a school conducted by the Christian Brothers, but our government is profoundly silent about the crimes committed by Mexican Neros even against our own citizens." Mr. Leo J. Vaisyla, of Chicago, Ill., declares that Kosciusko was firm in his allegiance to Lithuanian nationality, and regrets the failure of Americans to realize the point. "Recently George Stewart, in THE COMMONWEAL, calls the Poles the 'dark-eyed descendants of Poniatowski and Kosciusko,'" he writes. "First, I do not know if it is a compliment to be a descendant of Poniatowski who cowardly betrayed Kosciusko into the hands of Catherine of Russia. . . . Kosciusko's 'Ukrainian Campaign' will soon convince anyone that Kosciusko's greatest enemies were Poniatowski, the puppet king, and the Polish Confederation of Targowica, which was in deliberate conspiracy with the Russians to defeat Kosciusko." We regret our lack of information on this subject. Of Lawrence of Arabia, many eulogies have and will be written. Mr. Anthony Traboulsee, of Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, Canada, writes concerning him: "Wherever and whenever he found time to acquire the versatility, by no means legendary, of the archeologist, linguist, strategist, warrior, classical scholar, no one seems to know. To have mastered all or nearly all the dialects of the Arabian peninsula (not in writing but in living speech) is a superhuman feat: to have insinuated his casual self into the hearts of desert Arabs is even more superlative." Lawrence's was indeed, a strange and strangely great career. He carried further the tradition of Burton, Blunt and Doughty, adding a rare something all his own. A correspondent from Englewood, N. J., who wishes to appear unnamed in this column, is troubled by divergencies of opinion about certain movies. The letter says: "The motion picture, 'The Informer,' was condemned and placed on the 'forbidden' list by the Chicago *New World,* in its issue of May 18, nearly half a page being devoted to its iniquities. This same motion picture was favorably reviewed by THE COMMONWEAL in its issue of May 24, and placed on the 'approved for adults' list by the Brooklyn *Tablet;* and although the *Catholic News* is supposed to be using the Chicago list, 'The Informer' appears in the *Catholic News* of May 25 on the list of pictures approved for adults. This must all be very grotesque to those in Hollywood who are interested and to say that it is confusing to Catholics is to put it very much too mildly." The difficulty can be eliminated, no doubt, by noting that the *Catholic News* no longer uses the "Chicago List," but conforms to the list issued by the New York Legion of Decency. This in turn felt that the Chicago verdict had been dictated less by righteous indignation with anything immoral in the film than by the same kind of sentiment which used to underlie opposition to the Abbey Theatre. We ourselves think that too much uniformity in these verdicts is undesirable. There ought to be room for differences of taste; and doubtless the intelligent people in Hollywood—for in spite of everything there are a few—make due allowance for them.

THE EDITORS.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—A N.C.W.C. News Service cable from Vatican City states that the secular press reports that Pope Pius XI is planning reforms in the election of future Popes is journalistic gossip and is categorically denied. * * * The Most Reverend Wilhelm Berning, Bishop of Osnabrueck, Germany, has reintroduced the ancient liturgical custom by which the faithful proceed to the altar before the Consecration and present gifts in kind and in money which are blessed and distributed to the poor. * * * The twentieth annual convention of the Catholic Hospital Association will be held at Creighton University, Omaha, June 7 to 21. The annual convention of the Catholic Library Association will be held at Washington, D. C., June 26 to 28. * * * As a climax to the tenth annual French Eucharistic Congress, to be held at Strasbourg, July 17 to 21, a "Children's Crusade for Peace" will be launched when 20,000 youngsters from every province of France kneel on the historic Strasbourg esplanade to pray that their native land, Europe and the whole world may be spared the horrors of war. Children in thousands of French churches will join in the same prayer at the same hour. * * * Last year 7,055 students in 154 Catholic colleges and universities received assistance from the Federal Emergency Relief Administration Student Aid Plan. * * * A petition for some "simple and constructive measure" to "ascertain the facts" in the Mexican religious persecutions is being circulated among the members of the House of Representatives by Representative John P. Higgins of Massachusetts. * * * The new Grand Seminary of Milan was recently dedicated to Saints Ambrose and Charles in the presence of thirteen bishops and 600 seminarians; 25,000 people visited the new seminary on the day of its inauguration. * * * The Spanish counterpart of the Legion of Decency is waging an energetic campaign for better films. A bureau for the review of films is to be set up which will not only warn against offensive films but will seek to build up a national cinema worthy of Spanish and Catholic traditions.

The Nation.—A national theatre program, hopefully on a self-liquidating basis, backed by several million dollars of Federal Emergency Relief funds, to carry dramas to cities and towns all over the country, was announced from Washington. * * * The Senate by a vote of 56 to 32 passed the bill endorsed by the President as "legislation to provide for elimination of unnecessary holding companies in the public utility field." * * * In New York, the committee of the state legislature investigating public utilities revealed that the Consolidated Gas system had invested $29,300,000 in the Westchester Lighting Company since 1925 and had received more than $27,000,000 in dividends from the subsidiary over the same period; also that from 1900 to 1904, the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia, in running the Westchester company, raised the book value of the latter from $3,000,000 to $30,000,000 by what testimony indicated was $23,000,000 of watered stock. The rate base affecting the charges for service to the public allowed by the Public Service Commission was correspondingly raised. * * * NRA continuing legislation was turbulently debated in Congress, and some form of skeletonized continuance after the expiration of the present enabling legislation on June 16 was expected at the time this was being written. Monsignor John A. Ryan in Washington declared that the Supreme Court "has not left enough of our industrial operations under the control of Congress to justify any attempt at 'salvaging' the NRA," and he urged again, as he has since 1927, a constitutional amendment empowering Congress to regulate wages, hours, fair practises and other elements of industrial operations, whether intrastate or interstate. * * * The case of the kidnaping of George Weyerhaeuser was solved by the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. * * * A strike of electrical workers in Toledo, threatening to affect 400,000 workers in northwestern Ohio, was called off following federal intervention and pending negotiations.

The Wide World.—M. Pierre Laval, after maneuvering shrewdly for power, induced the chamber to grant full powers to a Cabinet which he assembled on the night of June 6. The majority was larger than had been anticipated. During the next few months, this Cabinet will have to untangle a financial snarl, consisting primarily of 10,000,000,000 francs in bond maturities and 6,450,000 francs in the form of this year's budget deficit. * * * The British Cabinet was revamped, as Ramsay MacDonald retired to nurse his failing health. Stanley Baldwin is the new Premier, and is assumed to be symbolic of the greater firmness and directness with which Britain plans to carry out its foreign policy. The new Minister of Foreign Affairs is Sir Samuel Hoare, a veteran; and by way of reward for services rendered the office of "League Minister" was created for youthful Sir Anthony Eden. Doubtless in order to cure Sir John Simon's much-criticized penchant for "flying about Europe," that gentleman had been shifted to the Home Office. * * * Another Italian army division embarked for East Africa on June 8, and Il Duce was on hand to deliver a fiery address. He announced that Fascism had "old and new accounts to settle with Ethiopia," and that no interference would be brooked. "We will," he said, "imitate to the letter those who have given us a lesson. They have shown that when an empire is to be created or defended account should never be taken of the opinion of the world." Nevertheless Italian newspapers were ordered to refrain from printing further insulting remarks about Britain. * * * General Hermann Goering visited Jugoslavia and left several intriguing presents, including a streamlined toy train, with the royal family. But though the government was extremely courteous, it

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did not endorse the General's plan for a Central European alliance against Russia. * * * The crisis in Far Eastern affairs, which is described below, was accentuated by another incident on the Russian frontier. Moscow charges that Japan's Manchurian forces marched into the hamlet of Sheremetiev and slew a guard, thereupon taking the body with them. Tokyo replied that the Soviet soldier had trespassed on Manchurian soil and had thereupon been "buried respectfully."

* * * *

Grass Roots.—The enthusiastic meeting of Midwest Republicans, representatives of one-fifth of the party it is claimed, concluded their "Grass Roots" conference on June 11 by unanimously adopting a declaration of policy and a list of ten governmental policies. They also formed a "permanent committee on future plans and policies" with five members from ten of the Middle Western states. Although several eminent "old guard" Republicans were present, it was noted that none of the Eastern national committeemen attended. Chairman Fletcher, however, after the principles and policies were adopted, sent a telegram of commendation. Frequent references were made to certain Democrats, and it was freely predicted that they would support the line taken at Springfield, Illinois, where the conference was held. When the band played "The Sidewalks of New York," there were loud cheers for Democratic Alfred E. Smith. An interesting sentence put into the policies by the farm group was: "We hold that no economic advantage of agriculture thus far attained shall be surrendered." This referred to A.A.A. which the Republican farmers evidently endorsed. NRA was not specifically condemned because the collective bargaining and child labor parts of it found support. Aside from these elements the New Deal was in almost everything heartily condemned. Specific attacks followed from the principle: "We believe in individualism and in individual enterprise, as opposed to Communism, Socialism, Fascism or any other form of collectivism, no matter in what form it masquerades, whether as a 'New Deal,' a 'Planned Economy' or otherwise."

Far Eastern Crisis.—Japan's startling action in North China was still veiled in comparative mystery as the week rolled by. It was clear that Tokyo, alleging that hostitlity in the Peiping-Tientsin area (Hopei Province) was detrimental to its interests, was insisting that all Chinese troops and patriotic organizations be removed to a point south of the Yellow River. This demand was presented to the Chinese government in the form of an ultimatum stipulating that in case of refusal the Tokyo war machine would roll across the Great Wall. Among the other concessions said to have been insisted upon were these: full recognition by China of the Manchukuo government (a point which many observers considered the one really at issue), dissolution of anti-Japanese organizations in North China, suppression of anti-Japanese teaching in all Chinese schools, and the burning of books containing passages unfriendly to Japan or Manchukuo. The fact that the Chinese appeared to be offering no resistance occasioned considerable astonishment. Japanese spokesmen were evidently seeking to get Chinese support for the doctrine of "racial solidarity." The State Department in Washington volunteered no information other than that it was following developments carefully. It was generally admitted, however, that with Sir John Simon superseded in the Foreign Office, a larger measure of cooperation between the United States and Great Britain in the Far East was conceivable. As these remarks went to press, Chinese troops were being peaceably withdrawn from the Peiping-Tientsin region, and this was near to resembling another Manchukuo.

Our Doctors and Birth Control.—The American Medical Association, with a membership of 100,000 American physicians, made a marked change in its policy of former years by adopting a resolution to appoint a special committee for the study of birth control. "The action," it was reported in the New York *Times,* "was regarded by leaders of organized medicine as marking the beginning of a new and radically different attitude toward the problem on the part of American medicine and as foreshadowing possible legislative changes." The resolution, which was unanimously adopted, reads in part as follows: "That the House of Delegates declare that nothing in the following resolutions be interpreted as a declaration or action either for or against birth control; Whereas, under the stimulus of large non-medical groups, the general use of contraceptives is being advocated and encouraged despite the existing law, not only by the above-mentioned groups but by commercial interests as well, and, Whereas, the ultimate effect of these measures upon the health and general welfare of the population of the United States is unknown if not questionable and should accurately and extensively be studied by the medical profession in whose care the health of the people rests, and, Whereas, the laws, both federal and local, governing the physician in his advice to individual patients, seem to be complicated and not well understood; Therefore, be it resolved, that a special committee be appointed to study these related problems and to present at least a preliminary report to the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association at the 1936 annual session."

The New Kulturkampf.—It is believed that during the summer about fifty priests and religious will face trial by Nazi courts for violation of the laws regulating foreign exchange. Among the defendants are the Vicar-Generals of the dioceses of Hildesheim and Meissen. Regardless of the guilt of individuals or even of communities, the question of primary importance now is the extent to which the trials will be used as propaganda material hostile to the Church. Nazi sheets, printing pictures of nuns sentenced to lengthy prison terms, accompanied them with vilifying texts declaring, among much else, that the education of children could no longer be entrusted to such women, whose moral standards were below those which must be insisted upon by the State. In various cities Catholic social workers have been maltreated and, in some cases, severely injured as a direct consequence of

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the trials. There has also been a far larger number of arrests than usual among priests and laymen accused of making remarks injurious to the régime. In order that Americans may understand something of the exchange law difficulties, it is well to add that the regulations change constantly. For example: coupons on German bonds may now be sent, as they come due, to German citizens resident in the Fatherland, who can thereupon cash them in at a rate of 5 marks to the dollar. Moreover, a piece of property on which no building is to be erected can at present be paid for half in foreign exchange (or regular Reichsmark), and half in Kreditsperrmark.

Cooperative Impulse from Japan.—The first special state-wide conferences of church, school and cooperative leaders to discuss the development of the consumers' cooperative movement will be held at Madison, Wisconsin, June 24, and at Minneapolis, June 25. The impulse for these conferences was given by Miss Helen Topping, the secretary of Toyohiko Kagawa, who has been speaking throughout the United States on the Christian and cooperative principles of the Japanese leader, Kagawa. Kagawa has been attempting since an early age to develop a technique for reconstructing Japanese social conditions according to Christian principles. First he helped organize the Japanese Federation of Labor and the National Farmers' Federation. Then he undertook political activity and sent several liberal representatives to the Diet and was instrumental in bringing universal manhood suffrage. Since the war he has concentrated upon the cooperative movement. Now 25,000,000 people in Japan are affected by the movement. The official cooperative magazine has a circulation of 1,000,000. There are on the islands 147 cooperative hospitals, and organizations for producers, mutual aid, credit, insurance and consumers. It is estimated that the International Cooperative Alliance has more than 100,000,000 members in 43 countries. During 1933 the total consumers' cooperative business in the United States was $360,000,000. Various churches are entering more and more deeply into the movement, and the *Churchman* for June reflects the enthusiasm it is arousing in an article called "A Key to Christian Economics."

"Alabama" Pitts.—Five years ago Edwin C. Pitts, nineteen-year-old youth from Alabama, held up a chain store in New York and took $76.25. He was caught and sentenced to a prison term of from eight to sixteen years. Pitts was a model prisoner at Sing Sing and starred on prison teams as a fleet-footed halfback and a hard-hitting outfielder; he seemed to have a great future in both professional football and baseball. For his good conduct Pitts was released on parole, June 6, and set out for Albany where he had been offered a job with the Albany "Senators." The day before, Judge Bramham, president of the National Association of Minor Professional Leagues, had decreed that Pitts could not be signed. On June 10 the executive committee of the association unanimously supported Judge Bramham, thereby leaving an appeal to Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's supreme arbiter, the only hope. At present writing Judge Landis, confined to his bed with a cold and high blood pressure, is awaiting the full details of the case. In the meantime hundreds of protests have been made that Pitts has paid his debt to society and should be given this chance. "Alabama's" mother made a radio appeal for protests on behalf of her son. Most vociferous in the sporting world was square-jawed Johnnie Evers, of Tinker to Evers to Chance fame and now manager of the Albany club, who threatened to quit the game he has played and loved for thirty-three years if Pitts is barred because of his record. Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing declared: "I feel that this decision is far-reaching not only so far as Pitts is concerned but because it strikes at the very foundation of prison administration and the rehabilitation of inmates. . . . It is a terrible blow."

Milwaukee Mourns.—The German Theatre Company of Milwaukee has been officially pronounced dead. Everybody with a drop of good Wisconsin blood in his veins will don mourning, for this was doubtless as fine a cultural undertaking as German America ever sponsored. Nay, had the Middle West generally anything else to compare with it? As early in 1868 there was a director, a company and a theatre. The footlights of the final house—the Pabst Theatre—virtually witnessed the storm of 1917, which all but blotted the German language out of hysterical and war-crazed America. Old patrons then crawled into their shells, to nurse wounded prides; youngsters lost contact with the glories of Schiller. For Schiller, rendered with all the meticulousness of German stagecraft in the Kaiser's time, was the backbone of cultural Milwaukee. The hoi polloi (which in German is *das Volk*) were, of course, supplied with staple melodrama and farce. Late in its history the theatre acquired a rather intellectual tone, which coincided more or less with the rise of Socialism in this town of breweries. Ibsen was produced there, to the scandal of the community, for which "The Pillars of Society" was a plain incitement to riot. Indeed, German intellectual Milwaukee even went in for Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw before those worthies were known in English in the Middle West. The ambition to make of the city a "German Athens" is now entirely a thing of the past.

* * * *

Slum Clearance.—The use of federal funds for municipal low-cost housing projects is causing much debate. Senator Wagner has a bill before Congress providing for a housing division in the Interior Department with an allotment of $800,000,000 to be spent in outright grants to local authorities covering 30 percent of the cost of land and materials for approved projects. Secretary Ickes objects to this because it gives too much power to the local authorities and not enough to the federal paymaster and because it gives cities with "responsible local public housing bodies" undue advantage over cities not so equipped. Another objection comes from those who want the federal grants to be on the basis of material and labor costs only, leaving out land costs.

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The President is evidently more or less among the objectors, since on June 11 an announcemnt was made that one-half of the $4,000,000,000 now appropriated for work relief will be spent directly by the federal government with an absolutely maximum proportion going for labor. This was discouraging news to those hoping for widespread slum clearance. Langdon W. Post, Chairman of the New York City Housing Authority, spoke in Washington for the Wagner proposal. He said that one-third of Americans live in sub-standard houses. New York City has a program for rehousing 516,000 families or about 1,800,000 persons at a cost of $1,500,000,000. He believes the cities should contribute tax exemption and that the federal government should waive interest, demanding only annual amortization rates of between 1½ to 1¾ percent. He strongly objects to national grants on the basis of labor and material costs because slum land values in cities such as New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore range up to $3 per square foot, and in others, such as Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis, they are only $.60 or $.70. He emphasized that "a financing policy is obviously the first and most important decision to be made. Unless a Housing Authority knows what it must pay each year to the government it would be impossible to plan the buildings and projects involved in this great program."

To Increase Our Foreign Trade.—The first National Conference of Seaport Cities on International Trade, representing twenty-six American seaports, was held in New York June 10 to 12. A number of significant conditions were brought out in connection with the conference. One of the most striking was the dependence of certain industries and hence certain sections of the country on foreign trade. Statistics from the American Manufacturers' Export Association indicated that from 1927 to 1933 we exported 56 percent of our cotton, 54 percent of our motorcycles, 45 percent of our dried fruits, 40 percent of our typewriters, 40 percent of our turpentine, 18 percent of our wheat, 17 percent of our industrial machinery and 9.3 percent of our automobiles. Mayor La Guardia's Committee issued a statement to the effect that the foreign trade of the United States shrank $6,706,000,000 between 1929 and 1932. Mayor Angelo Rossi of San Francisco referred to an export association analysis that showed that almost one-third of the nation's gainfully employed workers in 1930 were directly or indirectly dependent on imports and exports. The association was also quoted to the effect that while only 1,300,000 workers had been added in the agricultural, mining, construction and manufacturing industries from 1910 to 1930, trade, transportation and allied fields had added 9,000,000, and that this trend had been in progress for fifty years. The general consensus of the conference was that a stimulus to foreign trade, imports as well as exports, was needed to bring about national recovery, but there were considerable differences of opinion as to how this was to be brought about. One of the most controverted points was whether American trade and travel should be confined to American ships.

After Us the Desert?—Following hard on the dust storms in the Middle West and Northwest regions of the United States, there have been recently tornadoes and floods which have taken a heavy toll of lives and of the means of subsistence of thousands of families through property damage. Mr. Morris L. Cooke, chairman of the Mississippi Valley Committee and of the Water Section of the National Resources Board, has issued the warning that the United States has only a hundred years of vigorous life left "if we continue to abuse and waste our soil resources." If we continue as we have been going, with no regard for soil erosion, he added, there will in fifty years "be only 150,000,000 acres of really fertile land left"—an area approximately three times the size of Nebraska. He continued, "If we are to win out against the accelerated progression of this gangrenous growth of soil erosion we have probably less than twenty years in which to develop the techniques, to recruit the fighting personnel and, most difficult of all, to change the attitudes of millions of people who hold that ownership of land carries with it the right to mistreat and even destroy their land, regardless of the effect on the total national estate." Dr. James L. Clark of the American Museum of Natural History, at the annual national meeting in Washington, told of the abrupt passing of "a magnificent and prolific" wild animal life from the United States and said that, if uninterrupted, there would be a few hundred years hence practically no more wild life and that our country would closely resemble a desert.

Good Air.—Air-conditioning, according to an article in the *Annalist,* is proving to be one of the major new industries which are leading the way out of the depression by employment of displaced employables from other industries and by accelerating the business turnover. An innovation not attempted until after the war, air-conditioning was until 1926 only a very rudimentary system for cooling the air in a few moving picture theatres. In 1926 the first use of a cooling system for a department store was made, and since then cooling and ventilating systems in semi-public buildings have spread rapidly. Developments have taken place at the same time, so that air-conditioning is now more than a simple cooling system; the machines as now manufactured being capable of both heating in winter and cooling in summer, washing the air to remove dust and irritating pollens chiefly feared by hay-fever sufferers, and reducing noise heard inside buildings from the outside. An estimate is made that buildings which could advantageously install air-conditioning are 22,500 theatres, 1,500 department stores, 10,000 office buildings, 20,000 banks, 26,000 hotels and 9,400 hospitals. Buses, private cars and railroads are beginning to compete in the use of air-conditioning, the number of air-conditioned passenger cars having increased from 648 in 1933 to over 2,500 in 1934. The field for air-conditioning in private homes and apartments is a field which, because of the still relatively high cost of the equipment, has been barely scratched but which is expected to capitulate to the development rapidly with improvements in engineering and production.

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The Play

By GRENVILLE VERNON

The Players of the Season

SUPREME performances of acting are rare in any season, yet in looking back over the season just coming to an end I am confident that there have been several which deserve that accolade. It is altogether probable, had the plays been worthy of the performers, that other names would have been added to the list. A supreme performance is one which combines imagination, intellectual power, poetic beauty and technical mastery, and the modern drama provides few parts in which either the imagination or the poetic impulse have the opportunity to blossom. The plays of the past season have many of them been capably written and realistically characterized, but except for revivals of the classics few of them have given the actor wings. Yet when the actor had the chance he often made surprisingly good.

Let me take first the distaff side. Here three actresses stand out preeminent—Katharine Cornell, Eva Le Gallienne, and Cornelia Otis Skinner. Another actress would undoubtedly have been added to these three had she appeared in a play worthy of what she is said to be—Elizabeth Bergner. Miss Bergner proved herself in "Escape Me Never" an actress of uncommon technical powers and of much personal charm, but the play was so patently made to display these qualities that it would be impossible to judge from it whether she possesses the intellect or the imagination which inform all truly great acting. Her career in Germany is evidence that she has such powers, but the English-speaking stage has yet to see them put to the test. But Miss Cornell's radiant Juliet, as well as her revival of her subtly beautiful impersonation of Elizabeth Barrett, Miss Le Gallienne's enactment of such diverse personalities as L'Aiglon and Hedda Gabler, and Miss Skinner's remarkable protean performances of the six women in "Mansion on the Hudson," raised these three artists to the heights.

Yet there are a number of other actresses who deserve especial note, and some of these would doubtless have entered into an even higher category had they appeared in more imaginative plays. Grace George's Mary Herries in "Kind Lady" was extraordinarily poignant and an exquisite picture of a gentlewoman, Patricia Collinge's Caroline in "To See Ourselves" was poetic and whimsical, Elena Miramova showed power and pathos in a very poor play, "Times Have Changed," and Peggy Wood gave an exquisitely womanly performance as Jennifer in "Birthday." Dorothy Gish almost scaled the heights in her enactment of Emily Dickinson in "Brittle Heaven," and had the drama itself given her greater opportunities might very well have scaled them. As it was she gave a very tender and poetic piece of acting. Florence McGee as the despicable little brat in "The Children's Hour" was unforgettable, Constance Cummings showed charm and feeling as well as a command of the mechanics of acting as the secretary in "Accent on Youth," and Gladys George was amusing and vulgarly incisive as the movie queen in "Personal Appearance."

Of the men, two stood out well above the rest—Pierre Fresnay for his Noah and Philip Merivale for his Washington. M. Fresnay is truly an extraordinary actor, for his French nobleman in "Conversation Piece," while not having the imaginative possibilities of his Noah, was equally perfect as a piece of acting. Mr. Merivale's Washington in "Valley Forge" was the portrait of the man himself, and raised a dull play to moments of intense interest. Both M. Fresnay and Mr. Merivale have imagination, poetic insight, dignity and perfect command of technique. They are actors of the highest order.

But there were other actors who made deep impressions. On the serious side there were Burgess Meredith, whose acting of the consumptive idealist in "Flowers of the Forest" was both poignant and poetic; Brian Aherne's brilliantly masculine Mercutio and vital Robert Browning; Albert Van Dekker's distinguished Captain Hunt in "Brittle Heaven"; Paul Leyssac's splendidly composed Tesman; John Litel's performances as a Jesuit priest in "The First Legion" and as a dare-devil aviator in "Ceiling Zero"; Charles Coburn's enactment of an older Jesuit also in "The First Legion"; Roland Young's Dr. Crippen in "The Distant Shore"; Clyde Franklin's mine superintendent in "The Black Pit"; Kenneth McKenna's study in progressive artistic and moral degeneration as the playwright in "Merrily We Roll Along"; and John Halliday as the music critic in "Rain from Heaven." In lighter vein there were Leo Carroll's droll baronet in "Petticoat Fever," a little masterpiece of understatement; Edmund Gwenn's vital and humorous counterfeiter in "Laburnum Grove"; Melville Cooper's performance in the same play as the preposterous brother-in-law; Walter Connolly's delightful bishop in "The Bishop Misbehaves"; Ernest Cossart's unctuous butler in "Accent on Youth," a picture of what every butler ought to be; and Barry Fitzgerald's quietly hilarious Fluther Good in "The Plough and the Stars."

With such performances as these, and many others, the American theatre may well feel proud. Despite the drain of talent to Hollywood no theatre in the world has a greater variety of players. If fault there be, it lies not with the player but the playwright. The human material is there, ready and willing, and how eagerly and ably that material responds when it is given something which calls for a capacity above the average, the season has abundantly proved. What the player needs and longs for are plays that are not mere photographs or exercises in theatric device. We must have plays of the spirit, of the imagination, plays where the longings and poetry of the human soul can find expression and satisfaction. When such plays appear, the actress and actor are not found wanting.

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Books

Gerard Manley Hopkins

The Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges; with Notes and an Introduction by Claude Colleer Abbott. The Correspondence of Gerard Manley Hopkins and Richard Watson Dawson, edited by Claude Colleer Abbott. New York: Oxford University Press. Two volumes, $10.00.

NO POET of the Victorian period is of so much importance to contemporaries as Father Hopkins. His influence is greater today than that of all but the most influential living poets. He is affecting the style of a generation of poets, and if not to the extent that one might wish, he is affecting even its ideology. To living poets, he is something like "the greatest of the Victorians," and his greatness is in this, that to call him "Victorian" is simply to indicate the period to which he belonged, not a groups of ideas and sentiments by which he was bound. As his audience increases, his influence increases; as his influence increases, he becomes less identified with his own time, more identified with ours. He is now of vastly more importance than he was during his lifetime. Toward the increase of that influence, toward the articulation of his ideas and the increase of that sense of Father Hopkins's as a living and informing intellect, these two volumes of his letters will contribute greatly.

That "oddness" which Father Hopkins was conscious of in himself was relative: to his *milieu,* to his contemporaries. It is not often apparent to one who reads his letters now, except when he makes some such extraordinary statement as that he felt a closer relationship to exist between himself and Whitman, even though he acknowledged Whitman "a scoundrel," than between himself and any other Victorian, indeed any other poet. That relationship seems less genuine to us than it did to Hopkins himself, for, unlike Hopkins, we have the mass of Whitman's and the residue of Hopkins's own poems to compare, whereas Hopkins himself arrived at the identification from knowledge of some half-dozen of Whitman's less characteristic pieces. His theory of metrics seems to us less strange. It is an idea of himself susceptible of misinterpretation, and of creating a distorted impression of his true character, unless it be tempered by knowledge that it was arrived at from scant knowledge of Whitman's ideology. To us, it seems less remarkable he should have judged himself a Communist, for his was the period of the awakening of "social consciousness" and of new political theories. Besides, he was a person of profound sympathy for human suffering—and the Rule of Saint Francis had, alas, long ceased to be applied.

It is, one feels, fortunate for the reputation of Robert Bridges that his letters to Hopkins are not preserved. There exist in Hopkins's replies to them, which show indications of what one suspects to be some editing on Bridges's part, sufficient proof that Bridges's understanding of Hopkins was limited. Hopkins's conversion, his submission to the Church, his entering the priesthood, seem to have created a barrier between Bridges and Hop-

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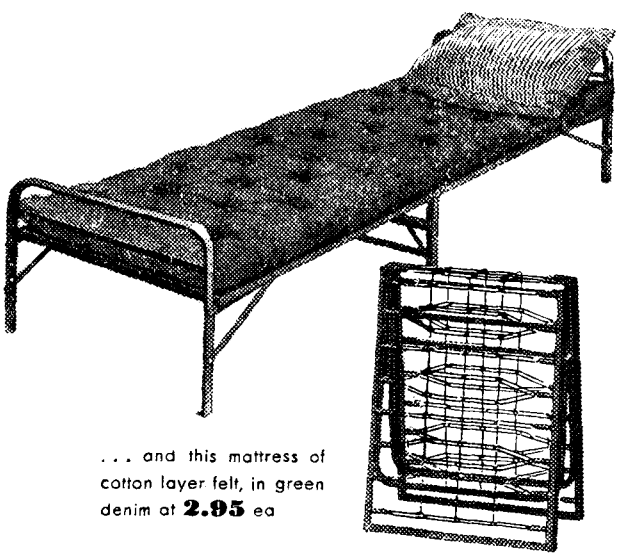

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Next Week

EDUCATION FOR LIVING, by William Franklin Sands, distinguished diplomatist, educator and business man (not to mention his being an author), throws upon secondary schooling the responsibility for a great many of the failures which are now charged to American college and post-graduate education. The classical Jesuit education in the humanities, beginning with the rudiments and passing on to grammar, poetry, rhetoric and philosophy, stands high in his estimation and he suggests interesting results from a close scrutiny now being made of this system. . . . SAINT THOMAS MORE, by George N. Shuster, is either fine literature, or else an uncanny counterpart of it. Against a tapestry of things in time, are seen things of eternity, not in misty mysticism or appalling generalities, but clearly, realistically, immediately. . . . ART AND CHARACTER, by Raymond S. Stites, professor of art and esthetics at Antioch College, proposes that, although art is long, "the educational virtue of it, people are increasingly coming to see, is consistent and lasting." Whether flute players and poets are emotionally too enervating to be allowed in good society, whether the course in Italian painting is the most inspirational and satisfying course at Princeton, and whether drawing, social dancing and music are necessary for symmetrical character, all enter into this stimulating paper. It concludes on a distinctive creative note. . . . THE HIGHER LAW, by John McDill Fox, Dean of the School of Law of the Catholic University of America, is a brief and vivid plea for Catholic graduate work in schools of law "conducted primarily in a graduate manner, not for mere instruction but to attempt to emphasize the importance of a knowledge of philosophy of law." The writer concludes, "The Catholic Church has this [philosophy] and it is badly needed today."

kins never wholly dissipated, only rarely openly acknowledged. One surmises from Hopkins's own letters an attitude of frank disbelief on Bridges's part—not only in the Triune God to Whom Hopkins submitted himself, but even, on occasion, of Hopkins's sincerity—which must have been all but mortally wounding to so sensitive a nature as Hopkins's was. There is a certain letter of Hopkins's which refers to Bridges's presence at a Corpus Christi celebration, his open incredulity of Hopkins's enduring devotion to a faith Bridges did not share. It is profoundly distressing to read, less for what it says than what it does not reveal—the depth of Hopkins's wounds.

But for all its limitations, lack of profound understanding, his friendship with Bridges was one Hopkins cherished. If he gave to it something that was not his whole self because the gift of wholeness would not have been acceptable, he gave abundantly and, at least intellectually, of his best. His letters to Bridges are minutely literary ones: analyses of Bridges's poems, analyses of his own; opinions of their contemporaries, often profoundly right, never unjust or impatient ones; discoveries that he made for himself in music, in literature; observations on painting, politics; plans for poems, themes for the musical compositions that were Hopkins's secondary love.

Both Bridges and Canon Dixon placed obvious reliance on his judgment. Bridges came to Hopkins to discover whether there were "any good" in his continuing to write, and was reassured. Of his own writing, Father Hopkins seems not to have had doubt, for all his reluctance to write, once he had entered the priesthood: he seems to have had the confidence of the true conscious artist.

Yet when he had begun the unfinished play, "Saint Winefred's Well," he became uncertain "how far [his] powers would go," and added, indicating the breach there was between himself and the life of humanity, "I have for one thing so little varied experience." He permitted himself to be influenced by Bridges, and he was pleased and very conscious of his own influence. "One ought," he wrote Bridges, "to be independent but not unimpressionable: that wd. be to refuse education."

He knew his poems presented difficulties. "Obscurity I do and will try to avoid so far as is consistent with excellence higher than clearness at a first reading." But another time he wrote: "Not read my writing? Alas, how far from the path of salvation must that man be that endeavors to persuade his conscience he cannot read my writing! Will he not make his generation messes to gorge his appetitie?"

Finer literary letters it would be difficult to discover in the nineteenth century. Of his contemporaries, he remarked that few had what the French know as *le style*, apart from "individual style or manner," and noted its absence in Tennyson, in Swinburne, in Morris, "not to name the scarecrow misbegotten Browning crew"—although he added that "the Brownings are very fine too in their ghastly way." He found in Coventry Patmore a mastery of "phrase, of the rhetoric of verse," related Patmore to the tradition of Shakespeare and Milton, saying in that one virtue "you could not find [Patmore] a living equal nor perhaps a dead one either after them."

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The extraordinary variety of the subjects he touched on, or considered at length, in these letters! They include the Incarnation, metrics, music, Wordsworth's sonnets, Communism, Walt Whitman, Greek mythology, Browning, Sidney Lanier, the Dorian rhythm, Stevenson, Sappho, architecture, Thomas Hardy, modesty, Bacchus, Bishop Percy, the English genius for romance, Aeschylus, word painting in Victorian prose, Dryden, "the passion for explanation," the villanelle, Sir Hall Caine, Dickens, sermons, Audrey de Vere, "cricket and Darwinism," patriotism, Herodotus, Latin poetry, "Swinburne and Hugo, those plagues of mankind," Milton, the noble life.

He wrote of himself freely and openly: of what he called his "blackguardy," his conflicts, remarking what he referred to as "the Hyde" in him, and his "malignant nature." He wrote interpretations of Galatians, he wrote of his conversion. Yet there was always much more he wrote to neither.

As documents approximating an expression of the whole of Hopkins's personality, those letters written Bridges are inferior to those written Canon Dixon. To Dixon, something like the God Who was the reason and direction of Hopkins's life could be said to exist.

But illuminating as these letters are, they still are not enough, even with the "Life" of Father Lahey. One has him increasingly as artist, as a human being, to be sure—his weaknesses (which caused him to remark to Bridges of Canon Dixon, when the canon was not wholly satisfied by criticism offered by Bridges, that he "must be a covetous old canon; shd. think abt. his soul"), his enthusiasms, his ideas of "the handsome heart." But who was the priest, who was the author of the "terrible" sonnets? Neither is very evident. There is still to come a volume of letters to Patmore. Perhaps both are in them.

One challenges the statement of the editor of these letters that "Robert Bridges had a genius for friendship," and that "it is doubtful whether his gift anywhere emerges more clearly than in the direct testimony of these letters from Gerard Hopkins." It was a "genius" which Hopkins possessed in entirety and not in part, for he had the "genius" to circumvent the obstacles to true and profound understanding which so patently existed, and doubtless it found its source in exactly those things in Hopkins of which Bridges had only a partial understanding. One might, indeed, claim with some justification that Bridges understood not at all, were not one reminded that Saint Anselm wrote, "in behalf of the fool": "If one doubts or denies the existence of a being of such a nature that nothing greater than it can be conceived, he receives the answer: The existence of this being is proved, in the first place, by the fact that he himself, in his doubt or denial regarding this being, already has it in his understanding; for to hear it spoken of he understands what is spoken of. It is proved, therefore, by the fact that what he understands must exist not only in his understanding, but in reality also."

But how ardently one wishes the acknowledgement of that Being had been Bridges's, too. Some of the greatest letters in the English language might have resulted.

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The Catholic Medical Mission Board considers that it has been doing a real service to its friends in recommending them to invest in charity to the sick, not only for the merit they will gain, but for the immense good that can be done through such generosity. We have frequently mentioned the remarkable Medical Mission Kits which can be sent for a donation of $30.00, but which represent nearly ten times that amount of actual value to the missionaries, as countless letters from the mission field attest.

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Frankness and Morals

The Principles of Ethics, by Dom Thomas Verner Moore. Philadelphia: Lippincott Company. $3.00.

NINETY-FIVE nurses kept diaries in which they recorded their daily moral problems and difficulties, and sent them anonymously to Sister Rose Helene Vaughn, who in turn passed them on to Dom Thomas Verner Moore, professor of psychology at the Catholic University of America. Dom Moore "undertook to write a background of moral theory and principles on which sound philosophic solutions could be given to these problems." So, the present book was born.

The reader must not expect to find in this work a formal treatise on moral philosophy such as Cronin's "Science of Ethics" or Seth's "Ethical Principles." It is a different sort of a book, altogether. In fact it is different from any other book on ethics the present reviewer has ever seen. The chapters are more like chats which an intelligent chaplain might give to the nurses who wrote the diaries. The author, however, intends to do more than give advice to nurses. He aims to provide the public with a general textbook on moral philosophy in which the discussion of practical problems bulks larger than is the custom in other works on ethics. Very definite instruction is given on law, responsibility, virtue and vice, moral obligations—individual, professional, domestic, social, and religious—and the author concludes his work with some notes on medical history and the history of nursing. At the end of each chapter there are very practical questions and topics for discussion.

The ethical teachings dealt with in this book are indeed fundamental; but the method of dealing with them is broad and sweeping, dogmatic (I use the word in no disparaging sense) rather than discursive. The author, purposely, no doubt, avoids controversial points. He states accepted principles and is careful to cite authorities where necessary. Dom Moore has not written a book for ethicians but for the public in general and for nurses in particular.

The fact that this book was written to answer a need made manifest by the moral problems and difficulties of nurses explains, in part at least, the author's outspoken discussion of contraception, sexual morality, sterilization, abortion and kindred topics. The prevalent lack of reticence in these matters among young folk and old folk today may perhaps be a further reason for such plain speaking. Dom Moore calls a spade a spade but I think he might at least have spared his readers the harrowing and gruesome details about craniotomy.

"The Principles of Ethics" will no doubt serve a useful purpose and Dom Moore's zeal for sound morality and his competence in the matter of medical ethics is sufficient guarantee of the value of his teaching. Had the material of his book been so organized and presented as to be, properly speaking, a guide for nurses in the ethics of their profession, I feel that the work would merit unstinted praise and commendation. But one is left wondering whether it is advisable, even for a priest who is also a medical doctor, to talk so plainly in a book which

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is neither a technical medical treatise, a work on moral theology nor a formal treatise on ethics. Or is it possible that the reviewer is growing old? Yet, if life begins at forty he is still an infant in arms.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

A Brave Woman

Mother Marianne of Molokai, by L. V. Jacks. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.00.

THE warfare of real life is all too often fought without the romance of colorful banners and rolling drums. Anyone forced to a keen realization of this fact by personal experience of it could but draw new courage from reading the story of Mother Marianne of Molokai. Nowhere else in the world, surely, could living be more stripped of all external romance. Yet Stevenson, the poet, looked on these circumstances and from them into the brave eyes of this woman and saw "beauty springing from the breast of pain."

Locked away in the archives of the Sisters of St. Francis of Syracuse, New York, lay hidden one of the most thrilling adventure stories ever written. With the long patient labor that only biographers and historians can appreciate, the author of this book brought the story forth and clothed it in a style of writing that savors of Conrad in its descriptive passages. When the reader has shuddered his way through some of the pages laden with details of what the most horrible of diseases does to human beings morally and physically, he comes with intense relief on such beauty as this:

"High on the windy peaks the palms wave in the breeze like feathery fans, here and there cascades dash over the rim and resemble long white stalactites scattered to thin mist in their tremendous drop. . . . The very landscape seems to induce that mild melancholy and passive resignation so common in the brown islanders. It is as if yesterday, today and tomorrow are all one. The perception of time is blunted if not annihilated."

Those of us who have watched at a death-bed know how the sense of time is blunted when a person we know is passing into eternity. Mother Marianne and her Sisters watched constantly those on whom the grave had laid its moldy, ill-smelling fingers but would not mercifully hide from the sight of their fellow men. One can easily understand why the Sisters had a more difficult fight with the devils of immorality than with the monsters of pain that ravaged their hopeless charges, why they could for so many of the stricken ones not change the deadly conviction that in such a place "there is no law" divine or human. Father Damien and Brother Dutton have their deserved place in this heroic story. In it one meets, too, a Stevenson other than the rather shadowy maker of charming books, one who is himself the best explanation of the simple heroism that casts its brightness over so many of his lines. Above all, one gets to know Mother Marianne, intelligent, kind, shrewd, willing to devote her life to the most terrible of tasks because a Divine but very human Being died upon a cross for her.

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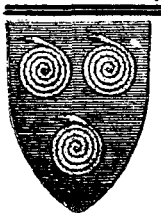
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Briefer Mention

Morning in Gascony, by Jay William Hudson. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

IT IS a far cry from Mr. Hudson's "Abbé Pierre" (1922) to this, his latest book. His beloved Gascony, the birthplace of his wife, has gradually been losing its rustic isolation from the modern world of speed and technics; motor cars and other agents of comfort and standardization have been filtering in. From a literary point of view the contrast is even more striking. Instead of a rambling, plotless narrative, in which mellow reflections like Abbé Pierre's are skilfully interwoven with intimate glimpses of Gascon village life, "Morning in Gascony" has a well-defined and commonplace plot. Philip Cross, a young American, abandons a promising legal career and flees to France because of his supposed discovery of a hideous premarital scandal in which his wife was involved. He buys a farm and falls deeply in love with Jeanne Lacaze, admirable daughter of a neighboring peasant. The triangle is resolved only by the timely death of his unforgiven wife. An unhappy mood pervades the book and at times the dialog is so strained that it is surprisingly unconvincing for so experienced an author. On the other hand the pictures of Gascon life are most vivid and Jeanne makes an exceedingly attractive heroine.

Symphonic Masterpieces, by Olin Downes. New York: The Dial Press. $2.75.

A FEW years ago Mr. Olin Downes gave a series of radio talks, in connection with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony orchestra concerts, which blossomed into a book. Now "Symphonic Broadcasts" has matured through the processes of revision, deletion and expansion into "Symphonic Masterpieces." This volume like its predecessor proves to be a very agreeable and instructive guide, particularly for those whose interest in music is non-technical, but "Symphonic Masterpieces" has much the advantage in conciseness and interest. Particularly welcome additions, especially for those who can play the piano a little, are the thematic quotations from Mozart, Beethoven, Franck and Strauss. These illustrate basic symphonic principles and enable one to become more intimate with the composer under consideration. Mr. Downes also introduces material which awakens the reader's interest in musical biography. There are several good portraits and the format is exceptionally attractive.

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